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For Dwight's Journal of Music. One by One.

(Suggested by an incident in the life of HAYDN.)

Within a stately palace hall The great musician stood, and sighed. The fire of genius lit his eye.

But in his heart dear hope had died.

The last, unwelcome night had co His music through that princely hall, Like rhythmic waves of ocean's song, No more might beat its rise and fail.

Yet once again the master soul, On'poured in harmonies divine, Insuired each hand, and thrilled each heart, With music's pure, etherial wine.

At last-ah! there must come a last Of all that's fair and sweet on earth The end drew near, and lo! there fell A hush of wonder on their mirth.

As, one by one, the players ceased; His light blown out each stole away, And left a gathering darkness there. Till shone a single glimmering ray.

And one sad, dying strain was hear The swan song of the tuneful band. That ended, and the last lamp out,

So die the lights of hope, first lit In joyous youth; so pass the friends, Whose voices our best music make, Whose love our every step attends

Vet still shides the Master Mind. The spring of all earth's harmonies; And we shall nobler music raise In near and far eternities.

The Abuse of Music. BY HENRY C. LUNN.

Forkel says, "The public requires every-thing to be human, and the true artist ought properly to make everything divine. How, then, should the applause of the multitude and true art exist together?" The more we ponder these lines the more convinced we must be of their absolute truth. As faith in progress is one of the essential attributes of a real ar-tist, so is it impossible for him in creating a work to think for one moment of the manner in which it will be received by those whose knowledge of the subject to which he has de-voted his life is merely picked up at intervals snatched from a daily occupation, the nature of which deadens those very faculties which are necessary for the due appreciation of the most subtle poetical compositions. Painting and sculpture appeal with a certain power to the many; for, however ideal may be the pictures and statues submitted to the eye, the fact of their representing known objects acts to a or their representing known objects acts to a great extent as a passport to popular favor; but the charm of music is in its pure, abstract na-ture—as Goethe saya, "it requires no material, no subject-matter whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly form and power "-and thus it thappens that poets who speak to the world through the language of sound must wait until that world has been educated to comprehend the value of those treasures which have been gradually stored up for its benefit.

But whilst the development of the art is healthily progressing, it is obvious that for those who care but for music in a form demanding only a slight attention compositions must be duly provided, whose worldly success is too often paraded before the public in proof of their claim to artistic recognition; nay, it is

even urged by those who should know better that composers who write not for the people are mistaken, but talented, individuals, who, are mistaken, but talented, individuals, who, had they but seen the error of their ways in time, might have corrected their style and gained the suffrages of those who now treat their works with cold neglect. Against such a doctrine as this it is the sacred duty of all who believe in the true mission of art to protest. The use of music ones understood, the test. The use of music once understood, the abuse of it should be in every instance discouraged; for it is as absurd to sav that superior works do no good as that inferior ones do no harm. A gentle toleration of falsehood may be the best mode of action under certain circumstances, but open praise of it is scarcely the

method of advancing the truth.

We have been especially led into this train of thought because we constantly see a tendencv in the present day to speak not only with kindliness upon musical compositions which obviously tend to lower the standard of art. but actually to dismiss them with a few lines of qualified praise. Supposing that critical notices are in the slightest degree valued by the public, this mistaken leniency cannot but have a deleterious effect for what can be the worth of favorable reviews upon productions of genius when the crudest works are thus en-couraged? And how can a composer without a particle of original thought judge of his true position when he is gently urged forward by those whose duty it should be to persuade him that he has mistaken his mission? Were we asked to give some examples of such reviews as we have been speaking of, they could be at once furnished by reference to newspapers, and even to some journals which profess to criticize music. An Opera is performed for the first time-as a work of art worthless; but there a pleasing ballad in it, an effective duet, a hold march, and a pretty dance-tune. All these are too often lauded with an excess of enthusiasm which would be simply absurd had such comthe probability is that pieces as good, or even much better, are daily published without exciting even a mark of recognition. An Oratorio is produced—the choruses are cut to the prescribed pattern; two or three "well-devel-oped" fugues are introduced, there is a pathet-tic song for the contralto, and an unaccompanied trio. It is not considered right boldly to tell the composer that, skilfully as the work is put together, it does not contain a spark of genius; but the writing is learnedly discussed. genius; but the writing is learnedly discussed, the counterpoint praised, and everybody is made to believe that a new composition of enduring worth is added to the store of sacred art. Even in notices of songs and pianoforte pieces the most commonplace works are frepieces the most commonplace works are frequently extolled as if they were veritable creations of genius: and seldom indeed is that truth spoken which, however galling to a composer at the time, can never do him so much harm in the end as unmerited praise. Strange indeed is it to turn, as we have recently done, to forgotten notices in newspapers and other periodicals where the triumph of mediocrity is duly recorded, and the vardiet of a nacked periodicals where the triumph of mediocrity is duly recorded, and the verdict of a packed audience echoed in print, as if noisy success had anything whatever to do with art. Stran-ger still is it to remember that, whilst such pro-ductions as these are placed before the public, innumerable works of solid value are utterly unknown, save to enthusiasts who endeavor to

reveal their many beauties in the studio.

In proof of the ill effects of even faintly praising what should be strongly condemned we may point to the extracts from notices con-

stantly appended to advertised instrumental and vocal compositions, the extravagant eulogy and vocal compositions, the extravagant energy upon which must indeed appear strange when the works happen to be heard by those who, with a ripened judgment, can calmly gauge their merits. It may perhaps be urged, in jus-tification of thus ignoring the true aim of criticism, that young writers should be encouraged. Granted; but art must ever be considered be-fore artists; and, even if a composer has caught the popular ear, he may be the greatest foe to the progress of healthy music. The merit of a work consists in its intrinsic worth, and not in its power of attracting a number of ignorant admirers. "The public," truly says Forkel, "requires everything to be human, and the true artist ought properly to make everything divine." Shall the critic, then, range himself divine." on the side of the public or the artist ?-Lond.

Ferdinand Hiller's New Symphony.

The programme of the Ninth Gürzenich Concert, Cologne, contained three Pieces for the Piano; a new Symphony by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller; two overtures; an "Abendlied" by

The planist was Mdlle. Vera Timanow, of St. Petersburgh, a pupil of Liszt's and Tau-sig's. The first piece selected by her was M. Anton Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in G major, in which she exhibited considerable talent, adorned or marred, according to the various tastes of her hearers, by the peculiarities which characterize the modern school to which she belongs. She was loudly applauded, though, perhaps, entitled to more praise for her ren-lering of Scarlatti's "Pastorale," and the Intermezzo from Ferdinand Hiller's "Moderne Suite." Taken all in all, her first appearance at the Gürzenich must be pronounced highly satisfactory.

The great attraction of the evening was Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's new Symphony. It is anoth-laurel leaf added to the noble wreath which already encircles his brow. The critic of the Kölnische Zeitung thus dilates upon it.

already encircles his brow. The critic of the Kolnische Zeitung thus dilates upon it.

"With his youngest and newest composition the G major Symphony in four movements, Ferdinand Hiller, celebrated, so to say, a jubilee as a composer. It is exactly fifty years since his Op. 1, a Pianoforte Quintet, appeared in print. In the spring of 1827, young Hiller, with his Pianoforte Quintet in his pocket, accompanied his teacher, Hummel, on a visit to Vienae. The work was performed at an evening party in the Austrian capital, and the celebrated Vienness publisher, Haslinger, who happened to be present, immediately offered to publish it. The master must have experienced a feeling of satisfaction at producing, after a lapse of exactly fifty years, another composition before another evening party, rather larger, it is true, than the first, and at seeing it meet with a reception as joyful and favorable as that which instantly procured a first-class publisher for the early work. But, with this Symphony of his, Hiller has become really young again. His fancy, full of fire and eagerness, without a trace of fatigue, succeeds in presenting his thoughts in a garb ever new, ever more and more richly decked. One thing which strikes us as highly characteristic in connection with this jubilee of Hiller's as a composer, is that, despite his sixty-five years, he has remained a son of the Present; he rules with a certain hand all the modern additions gainet for the domain of the orchestra; his melodious argosy salls proudly along with the stream of Time. It appears superfluous to extol Hiller for thoroughly understanding the language of the orchestra and being a perfect master of musical form. And he has not retrograded, as regards the earlier periods of his creative production; on the contrary, it struck us

that in no former work have we seen the colors so richly mixed. It is for this reason that we listen with pleasure to his language, whether he abandons himself to sorrowful or desponding thoughts, as in the early motives of the movement; narrates romantic ballads (2nd movement); keeps up a piquant conversation (3rd movement); or, lastly, in the finale, celebrates, with energetic rhythms, the victory over the gloomy mood of the first movement. Everywhere there appear the delicate traits of clever work, and sometimes, also, the varying play of mental color, which does not love to remain long in one and the same frame of mind. The pictures or mental color, which does not love to remain long in one and the same frame of mind. The pictures change rapidly, though the composer's fancy is loath to tear itself away from the full orchestra, especially in the first movement, the second part of which, by the by, is even too prodigal of its gifts; it lavishes them with both hands. The middle of the third es them with both hands. The middle of the third movement contains, moreover, a certain stretch of less captivating thoughts. But these are details which scarcely weigh in the balance against a total impression truly flattering for the composer. The masterly treatment of the orchestra excited undivided admiration, to which the public gladly gave the most lively expression; after every number, as well as at the conclusion, the orchestra, likewise, were not to be restrained from paying their tribute of homage to their chief in the form of a clanging flourish."

The Symphony was admirably performed, as were Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," and Spohr's overture to Jessonda. The vocal pieces worthily completed a most excellent concert.—Lond. Mus. World.

London Popular Concerts for 1877.

(RETROSPECT.)

(From the London Times.) (Continued from Page 405.)

(Continued from Page 405.)

There was nothing new to speak of in the programme of Saturday, Feb. 10: but it was, as usual, a pleasure to hear Beethoven's early quartet in Bfat (sixth and last of the Haydn set), played as it is invariably played by Herr Joachim, Signor Piattl, and associates. Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," was, for the twentieth time, so admirably executed by the Hungarian violinist as to create a legitimate desire on the part of many among the audience to know something more of the music composed by the renowned Istrian virtues. With so fortunate a dream as resulted in this sonata he must surely have dreamt again. Schubert's interesting sonata in A minor was extremely well rendered by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose recent appearances at the Popular Concerts have materially increased herepute; and a new singer, Miss Gowa, made a decidedly favorable impression in Lieder by Taubert, Beethoven, and Franz. When are we to hear an English song, too, at these performances?

The programme on Monday evening, Feb. 12, would have been attractive if only on account of the very fine interpretation by MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti of the first of Cherubini's three quartets for stringed instruments. Perhaps this quartet, although its fellows in D minor and C maior

tets for stringed instruments. Perhaps this quartet, although its fellows in D minor and C major have incontestably high merits, is also the best of the series. The scherzo and trio were especially ad-mired; and had not Herr Joschim with commendathe series. The scherzo and trio were especially admired; and had not Herr Joachim with commendable discretion refrained from compliance with the strongly manifested wish of his hearers they would have been played over again—much to the detriment of the final movement, which, as the genial Schumann happily expresses it, "sparkles like a diamond when you shake it." The success of the E flat quartet will probably induce the director of the Popular Concerts to revive one at least of its companions during the sojourn of Herr Joachim among us. At the same concert we had (only for the second time) Schumann's somewhat labored and diffuse, but in parts very fine, sonata for planoforte and violin in D miner, which at the hands of Mdlle. Maric Krebs and Herr Joachim could hardly fail in producing all the effect inherently belonging to it. As on previous occasions, we found the trio and sheale the most spontaneous and well wrought out period of the sonata, the finale especially being in stinct with wonderful life and spirit. Mdlle. Krebs also played Sterndale Bennett's three sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain, 'the last with such freedom and exquisite delicacy as to evoke an encore not easy to resist. These charming pieces, the inspiration of Bennett's Academy days, always sound fresh and young, although it is over firsty years since they were compose. Mr. Barton McGuckin, a tenor who has but reen y come before the public, made a very invorable im-

pression in airs by Salvator Rosa and Buononcini (Handel's Italian operatic rival), and in Mendelssohn's song, "The Garland," This gentlemsn has an agreeable voice—a legitimate tenor—which he already uses to good purpose. Moreover, he sings with unimpeachable taste, never condescending to exaggeration. The fairest hopes may be reasonably entertained of Mr. McGuckin's future career.

bly entertained of Mr. McGuckin's future career. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied him in each of his songs—an advantage not to be over-estimated. It is always a treat to hear Mozart's exquisite quintet for stringed instruments in G minor, with Herr Joachim as first violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello, especially when the other parts are so completely filled as by MM. Ries, Straus, and Zerbini on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17. Mr. Hallé, pianist for the day, played the first of Beethoven's sonatas, Op. 31 (in G), besides joining Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in the same composer's E flat trio, Op. 70. The singer was Mr. Frank D'Alquen; the accompanist, Sir Julius Benedict.

More than ordinary interest was attached to the

More than ordinary interest was attached to the concert of Monday evening the 19th Feb., on account of the production of Herr Brahms's quartet in B flat, his latest composition of the kind. About B flat, his latest composition of the kind. About this elaborately constructed piece we are unable to speak with confidence after a single hearing; but that it is written with as much musicianly skill, carefulness of design, and earnest purpose as anything we know from its eminent composer's pen may be confidentially asserted. Each movement has a distinct character, and yet all four divisions hang together as integral parts of a whole. For this reason alone it proclaims itself the work of a great musician; and that Herr Brahms is a great musician, none can deny. Nevertheless, much second musician, none can deny. Nevertheless, much serious consideration is required to grasp the inner meaning, and to become thoroughly familiar with the technical details of any of the more important compositions of this artist. Holding Herr Brahms in high esteem, as one of the genuine musicians of our time, we refrain from any attempt at absolute criticism until better strengthened by further acquaintance with his new quartet. Nevertheless we are strongly inclined to think that, for ingenious contrivance, if not for wealth and spontaneity of ideas, it is entitled to rank among his very best. The quartet was rendered con omore by MM. Joa-chim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, listened to with close chim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, listened to with close attention, and movement after movement loudly applauded. The pianist was again Mr. Charles Hallé, who played Schubert's fine, if not somewhat diffuse, sonata in B flat, as few other pianists can play it, besides being associated with MM. Joachim and Platti in Mendelssohn's first trio (D minor.) Herr Henschel, the vocalist of the evening, in an air from Handel's Rinaldo and two Lieder by Schubert, showed himself possessor of a capable voice, if not of a very refined style. The accompanist was Mr. Zerbini.

The return of the eminent pianist, Mdme. Clara Schumann, to the Popular Concerts is always looked forward to by the many admirers of her genius with anxious expectancy. This may account in a great measure for the crowded attendance at St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, when Herr Joachim, the present absorbing attraction of the season, was engaged elsewhere (at the Crystal Palace). Mdme. Schumann, as usual, was honored with a nenthuisstic recention—a recention payer according the second. The return of the eminent pianist, Mdme. Clara season, was engaged esswhere at the Crystal Paiace). Mdme. Schumann, as usual, was honored with
an enthusiastic reception—a reception never accorded but to the highest favorites of the public. She
played nothing she had not on several occasions
played before; but whatever she may choose, when
bestowing upon it her earnest thought and care, is
sure to be more or less welcome. The Variations
Sériesses of Mendelssohn, built upon an original
theme in D minor, are exactly suited to her energetic style. This piece, about which the composer
himself speaks with satisfaction, in a letter from
Leipsic, addressed to his friend Carl Klingemann
(1841) approaches more nearly than any other composition of the kind, to the famous 32 variations of
Beethoven on a theme in C minor; and it is only
to be regretted that instead of 17 (the letter méntions "18," doubtless including the code), the number of Mendelssohn's variations had not been doubled, in order to exhaust the capabilities of the theme ber of Mendelssohn's variations had not been doub-led, in order to exhaust the capabilities of the theme as fully as Beethoven has exhausted the capabili-ties of his. The Variations Strieuses, nevertheless, even admitting that the composer, had he elt so inclined, might have done still more with the theme, can hardly fail to please when rendered as Mdme. Schumann renders them—entering, as she does, heart and soul into their character and significance. Twice re-called after her performance, she also Twice re-called after her performance, she also joined Herr Ludwig Straus and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's B flat trio—fifth, last, and grandest o

the series of works for the same combination of in-struments which the illustrious musician bequeathed until the complete catalogue of Mozart's composi-tions was published, was generally called "No. 7," but is now known to be his 26th. That it is one of but is now known to be his 26th. That it is one of his most melodious, graceful, and captivating need hardly be said; nor is it requisite to dwell upon its performance, by such practised experts as MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. One of the striking features of the programme was an "Elegy," for violoncello (in E minor), composed and performed by Signor Piatti accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict. Though in dimensions a bagatelle, this "Elegy," played as it was, excited the utmost attention and interest, evoking as marked signs of approval as anything in the concert. Why does not Signor Piatti—recognized, and justly so, as the greatest of living violoncellists-write a senata or concerto for his own instrument, and thereby or concer'to for his own instrument, and thereby add something of sterling value to its repertory? That repertory, as no one is more fully conscious than himself, stands in great need of replenishing. Mendelssohn, in 1846, had designed a violoncello concerto for Signor Piatti, but did not live to put it upon paper. More is the pity! The vocalist on Saturday was Mr. Barton McGuckin, a young tenor of genuine promise, who, in airs by Salvator Rosa, Buononcini, and Mendelssohn, distinguished himself most favorably, and won the unqualified approval of the audience.

of the audience.

Mdme, Schumann made a second appearance on
Mdme, Schumann made a second appearance on Mdme, Schumann made a second appearance en Monday evening, when, as might have been expected, her attraction, added to that of Herr Joachim, drew a very crowded audience. This time the illustrious pianist was heard in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, best known as "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour"—a work always rendered by her with a profound insight into its meaning, and a careful avoidance of the exagorartion from which music avoidance of the exaggeration from which music having an avowed "poetic basis" usually suffers. Mdme. Schumann combines true reverence for the genius of the composer with her own commanding ability, and is thus saved from the egotism into which ability without such reverence often falls. Again was she successful in enlisting the sympath-ies of her audience, whose applause, long and loud, compelled a return to the platform. Herr Joachim's solo—Handel's Sonata in A major—obtained a recognition equally emphatic, played as it was to absolute perfection. For this work, in responding to an encore, the great violinist substituted a charming Romance by Spohr, and gave it with a daintiness and taste beyond praise. Other works in the programme were Spohr's melodious, if sometimes trivial, Nonetto, and Haydn's piquant Quartet in C,

Op. 33.

The pleasure of this concert—perhaps the most enjoyable of the series—was much enhanced by the singing of Herr Henschel, a baritone-bass gifted with a beautiful voice, rare charm of style, and the natural and true expression of a genuine artist.

Alike in songs by Handel, Brahms, and Rubinstein,
this gentleman asserted the uncommon power which this gentleman asserted the uncommon power which has promptly made him a favorite.

English Opera at the Globe.

"DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER" IN ENGLISH.

(From the Daily Advertiser, March 15.)

Herr Wagner's opera of "The Flying Dutchman" was performed in Boston for the first time at the Globe theatre last night. It is less than six months—reckoning from October 3, 1876—since the work received its very first representation in English, the performance being given under the direction of Carl Rosa at the Lyceum theatre in London. The opera has a libretto of positive literary merit,—resembling all of its author's other works in this respect,—and is founded upon a story almost unequalled for weird and absorbing interest. A Norwegian skipper, Daland, is driven by stress of weather into a small under hatches and heavy with toil-born aleep, a strange craft, with blood-red canvas, slips into anchorage beside him, and upon his awakening he confronts Vanderdecken, the flying Dutchman, famous in legend and song, who for an impious defiance of Providence, and a threat that he would never desist until he had rounded a certain cape in a fearful storm, Lad been given up to the power of never desist until he had rounded a certain cape in a fearful storm, had been given up to the power of Satan and doomed to sail the seas forever. His despair is lighted by a single ray of hope. Once every seven years his phantom vessel is driven to the shore, and Vanderdecken knows—though many times he has tried and hoped in vain—that, if he can win

the love of a maid who will be constant to him even unto death, the spell will be broken at once and forever. Daland is strongly moved by the stranger's tale and by his chests of gold, and invites him home, with the hope that he will marry Senta, the Norwegian sailor's only daughter. Senta, whose heart has long yearned toward the hero of the familiar legend, at once recognizes him as her fate, and plights her troth to him. She discards her former lover, Erik, and he, going, in the fashion of rejected suitors, to say good-by and reproach Senta for her inconstancy, is interrupted in his interview by the grim Hollander, who, misunderstanding the affair and deeming Senta false to her vows, sets off once more upon his weary cruise. Senta, after agonized but vain attempts to stay him, throws herself into the sea. By this act of devotion the spell is broken, the phantom ship sinks with its crew, and the souls of Vanderdecken and Senta are saved and reunited in phantom ship sinks with its crew, and the souls of Vanderdecken and Sents are saved and reunited in their flight to heaven. This story is told in Herr Wagner's text with continuous vigor and directness, and with frequent bursts of eloquence; and the dramatic capacities of the tale are developed in a series of striking and impressive situations. A finer plot or "book" could not be asked for any opera. A good many of the numbers of the opera have been heard before in Boston at concerts, and years ago the overture, the sailors' choruses and the spinning chorus had been given here, so far as they could be chorus had been given here, so far as they could be given by an orchestra unhelped of voices; and we suppose it will be admitted by the wildest Wagnersuppose it will be admitted by the wildest Wagnermaniac that the orchestra can come extremely near to reproducing the entire effect of those or any other parts of the work. The music, therefore, is not wholly new to our audiences. But the effect of a first hearing of the work upon ears which have been introduced to "Tannhäuser," to "Lohengrin," and to some scraps of the Bayreuth trilogy, must be strange and confusing in the extreme. "Der Fliegende Holländer" stands chronologically second among Herr Wagner's operas; was written, indeed, among Herr Wagner's operas; was written, indeed, in his artistic boyhood, so to speak; has many marks of the Italian school of composition, and is now reported to be scorned by its author for its dis-play of pitiful servitude to effect theories of musicwriting. It is certain that, as compared with its successors, it is quite rich in defined melodies, that successors, it a quite rion in denned metodies, that it may be actually said to have some times in it; that some of these tunes, especially in the first act, verge upon triviality, and that a good many pessages—noticeably in Erik's earlier music—seem like anticipations of Von Flötow's "Martha," But with anticipations of Yon Flotow's "Martha," But with all this—and the mixture, of course, produces the confused feeling in the listener's mind—there are in abundance and almost everywhere the sings of the same theory and of the same wondrous talent and power which have found their completer expression in letter and more familiar such. and power which have found their completer expression in later and more familiar works. Wagner has more than begun to cherish a feeling of scorn for a defined melody; he has fully conceived the idea of elaborate recitative as the substitute for such melody, the latter appearing, if at all, in orchestration marvellously enriched and composite; he has already entered upon the use of a great variety of vocal phrases which are later to be recognized as earmarks of his style and to be called hackneyed by the unappreciative; in particular he has possessed himself of the germ of his pet idea, that "tunes"—the completed sentences of musical expression—are mere conventionalities, almost void of meaning, and that their place is to be taken by disjointed clauses, mere conventionalities, almost void of meaning, and that their place is to be taken by disjointed clauses,—to wit, by unsymmetrical phrases of recitative, in which all true musical thought is supposed to lie. As a result of this set of opinions and discoveries, many portions of this work have the harshness, the dryness, the long arid tracts of dulness and vagueness which make them seem like mere unmusical jargon to the ear and soul which are not yet perverted or converted to the Wagner idea of opera. The weight and the learning, too, are there,—an incomparable power of writing musical declamation, an unprecedented command of the resources of the orchestra, and in supreme moments an absolute mastery of the art of producing dramatic effects in musical dialogue without the aid of symmetrical forms. The hand of a man of immense culture, of dramatic insight, tremendous force of character and will, is felt everywhere in the music of "The Flying Dutchman," and the qualities thus impressed upon it join with its literary merit always to compel the attention and generally the interest of the sensitive listener. There are brief bits of orchestration—like those in the first act, which precede the first mention of Settle to Plant to Eventual to the sensitive archive arch that their place is to be taken by disjointed c ener. Increase brief bits of orcestration—nee those in the first act, which precede the first mention of Senta by Daland to Vanderdecken—which are exquisite as a love song of Shakespeare; the sailor's choruses are brimful of wild sea-mirth, and are worthy of the descendants of tough Scandinavian he-

roes; and the music of the different parts is discriminated with absolute clearness, not merely by the employment of the Leitmotives or characteristic phrases—which are peculiarly interesting in the case of Vanderdecken—but by the general character and cast of the music assigned to each, that of the grim hero having an awesome and gruesome quality exceptionally thrilling to the nerves, Daland's bearing always the mark of rough heartiness, and Senia's being pervaded by a sort of dreamy sweetness. "Lohengrin," indeed, seems often anticipated in the more mysterious music of that work. Of strong dramatic writing there are, as we have said, abundant specimens; the greatest and most stirring of all being found in the climax of the duet between Senia and Vanderdecken in the second act, which concentrates within itself a deep passionateness, not often paralleled in operatic composition.

(From the Evening Gazette, March 18.)

The Kelloge Opera Company began an engagement at the Globe Theatre on Tuesday evening, appearing in "Lucia di Lammermoor." On Wednesday evening Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," was given for the first time in Boston, and on Friday evening "Il Trovatore" was performences of the two more familiar operas the performances of the two more familiar operas we shall say but little, save that they were ren-dered quite as well as at any previous time the com-pany has visited us. Wagner's opera attracted the largest house of the week, and it may be added achieved an unquestionable success, if we may judge by the applause that was bestowed upon it. It is certainly an interesting work, exuberantly wild and eccentric at times, but always effective, often delightful. It is true that in point of style it is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but it is a curious admixture of Weber, Meyerbeer, Bellini and Spontini, with an occasional seasoning of Halevy, the whole tempered by a soupgon of Berlioz. It is wonderfully dramatic, however, and in spite of much that is bizarre and more that is extravagant, thoroughly engrosses the attention from beginning to end, occasionally stirring the feelings with great power, and always impressing the attentive listener with the sense that he is hearing the work of one whose mind is of no common order. What is most surmind is of no common order. What is most sur-prising in this opera, though, is the triviality to which the composer sinks now and then. Here and there, in the midst of a scene of intense passion treated with a master hand, we are startled by a bit of commonplace of the most backneyed description, —a fragment or some odds and ends of Italian opera that were worn threadbare years before Wagi began to write. This is the more startling for began to write. This is the more startling for the reason that we find it difficult to disassociate the composer from his later theories, or to forget that composer from his later theories, or to forget that the opera is looked upon by him as one of the sins of his youth that cannot be too deeply repented. The work, throughout, is large in design, and in many essentials clearly prophesies the course afterwards adopted by the musical inconoclast in his reckless assaults upon received traditions of art. The orchestration, though tending to noisiness, is wonderfully fine. It is over-elaborated, and in the wonderfully fine. It is over-elaborated, and in the attempt to make it independent of the voices is often confused, but it is large in style and masterly in conception and treatment. Then, again, we have a strongly marked attempt to give a distinct and an appropriate individuality to the different characters, and the result is a fine discrimination between the rugged music assigned to the rough old fisherman Daland, the dreamy and impassioned music given to the morbid Senta, the weird and vague music of Vanderdecken, and the suave and warm music of the lover Eric. These distinctions are well main. Vanderdecken, and the suave and warm music of the lover Eric. These distinctions are well maintained throughout. The sailor choruses are full of characteristic strength and spirit. The second act is the best of the three into which the opera is divided. The first act contains but little that is interesting, beyond the unflagging energy with which its wild and restless fervor is sustained. But the second act abounds in beauties of every kind. The various styles essayed therein by the composer give it the air of a pasticcio, and consequently deprive it of unity of sentiment, but it is interesting both musically speaking and as a curious example of the composer's indecision before giving himself up to his more matured views of his mission. The opening chorus, in its pure melody and treatment, up to his more matured views of his mission. The opening chorus, in its pure melody and treatment, might easily pass for a bit of elevated Auber, so French is it in character. The meeting between Senta and Vanderdecken is suggestive throughout of Meyerbeer, and is conceived in the same spirit as the great scene between Valentine and Raoul in "The Huguenots," and the fine trio in the last act of "Robert le Diable." It is marked by intense

passion, and is not surpassed by anything in its manner that modern opers has produced. There are many barren wastes in the work that are given up to eccentricities which jar upon both the ear and the understanding, and the general tone of the opera is feverish and unhealthy; but when all is said that can be said against it, there still remains much that fascinates, and much that exacts involuntary admiration. We feel that we are in the presence of an original and an independent mind, that is struggling to find the proper outlet for his thoughts, and the proper form in which to present them.

The opera was very creditably performed. Miss Kellogg, as the imaginative and romantic Senta, acted with more thought and skill than have ever before distinguished her efforts. Her impersonation was artistically conceived, and was, through-

The opera was very creditably performed. Miss Kellogg, as the imaginative and romantic Senta, acted with more thought and skill than have ever before distinguished her efforts. Her impersonation was artistically conceived, and was, throughout, consistent, interesting, and able. She threw herself fully into its spirit, and as an actress and a singer fairly earned and deserved the cordial acknowledgment she received at the hands of her audience. Mr. Carleton played Vanderdecken, and looked the part to perfection. His acting was well conceived, and he sang the music of the part with strong intelligence, devotion and ability. Mr. Mass merits praise, too, for the sweetness and the fervor of his singing as Eric, the lover of Senta. Mr. Conly made an appropriately vigorous and rugged Daland, and sang the music of the old sailor with a heartiness and a strength that call for hearty commendation. The little that was given to the Helmsman was sung by Mr. C. H. Turner well, though it seemed to make severe demands upon his voice, as well it might, for some of its phrases are almost unsingable. The sailors' choruses were rendered with excellent spirit and correctness, and the Spinning Chorus was acceptably given, save for an occasional falseness of intonation. The orchestra, considering the trying difficulties of the work and the limited number of rehearsals it had, acquitted itself in a praise-worthy manner. The opera was mounted in an effective and careful manner, though we could have well spared the map of Pittsburgh that appeared upon the walls of the fisherman's hut, in the second act. The work was enthusiastically received.

(From the Courier.)

Throughout the work breathes the spirit of spontaneous naiveté. This opera was certainly not manufactured, but created. There are weak points in tundoubtedly. Wagner was not yet able to always hit his mark with that unering aim, with that Titanic force that he has since developed; but the aim throughout is high, pure and noble, there is nothing of unworthy trickery or clap-trap in his method, nothing done for the sake of mere sensation and stage-effect. Let us go into details a little. The opera begins with a regular overture built up on themes that afterwards are recognizable as the germs of the whole music of the opera itself. After Tannhämser Wagner gave up writing set overtures to his musical dramas, as incompatible with his theory of art. He even cut off the latter half of the famous overture to Tannhämser, and connected the Allegro movement immediately with the music of the opening scene, when he remodeled the work for its performance at the Paris Opers in 1861, thus changing its form from that of overture to a mere instrumental introduction more in keeping with his later views. His return to the overture form in the Meistersinger is easily explained by the character of the work, which is a sort of parody or satire on Tannhämser. Concerning the overture to the Flying Dutchman, I can do my readers no greater service than to quote from the criticism of one of the greatest musical critics the world has ever known—Hector Berlioz. He says: "The overture begins with a lightning-like outburst of the orchestra in which we seem to recognize at once the howling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the storm, the cries of the

pect, that makes one shudder." The opening scene of the opera, in which Daland's ship comes to anchor in a little bay on the Norwegian coast to seek refuge from the storm, is peculiarly fascinating. The cheery singing of the sailors furling sails, coiling ropes, making the ship secure, the echoes their song awakens in the surrounding cliffs, the noise of the ropes, making the ship secure, the echoes their song awakens in the surrounding cliffs, the noise of the storm, Daland's short sentences of suff-congratulation on having escaped the tempest and the near prospect of seeing Senta again, all go to make up a scene to which I can compare nothing that I know of in the whole range of dramatic music. The song of the ship, is admirable, one of the best and most admirable bits of melody that Wagner has ever written. The arrival of the ship of the Flying Dutchman " with blood-red sails and black masts," the half waking up of Daland's drowsy helmsman who has gone to sleep over his charge, and tries in vain to drive off elumber by singing anatches of his song, are wonderfully vividly painted by the or vain to drive off elumber by singing snatches of his song, are wonderfully vividly nainted by the or chestra; it is a scene taken right from life. The landing of the Dutchman himself, with his first grand air, in which he alternately half seomfully bewails his fate and tries to revive his long-lost hope of salvation, is the first time that we find anything of the latter Wagner in the opera. The whole scene is immensely difficult, and unless the singer is a thorough actor as well, and has completely mattered every whole of Wagner's intention. singer is a thorough actor as well, and has com-pletely mastered every shade of Wagner's intention, it will slways fall flat on the audience. I remem-ber coming out of the Globe Theatre some years ago, after witnessing Miss Charlotte Cushman's won-derful acting of Queen Catharine's death scene in Honey the Ericht. dering acting of Queen Catharine's death scene in Henry the Eighth, and meeting a certain great opera singer in the lobby, I was impelled to say, "Only think what opera would be, if we could have such acting as that!" "Very true," was the reply. "but you see the music never gives us time for all that sort of thing." Now in this scene of the Flythat sort of thing." Now in this scene of the Fly-ing Dutchmax the music does, for once, give time for "all that sort of thing;" nay, more, it absolute ly demands it of the actor. There is not an orchestral phrase in the whole scene that is not intended to accumpany some pantominic expression of sor-row, despair, resignation, hope, longing, passion, on the sctor's part. And, mark this well, unless both actor and orchestra are in perfect accord, the gist of the whole is lost. This scene is entirely superb. Wagner calls it the key to the understanding of the Dutchman's character, and through it to the un-derstanding of the whole opera. The remainder of the act is hardly up to this high level, but it con-tains much that is distinctly fine. The music dur-ing Daland's meeting with the Dutchman, the lating Daland's meeting with the Durchman, the latter's description of a part of his misfortunes, his displaying his riches before the astonished eyes of the hearty old Norwegian skipper, his first half-timid queetion, "Have you a daughter?" and the ensuing dialogue that results in the exclamation. "Let her be my wife," is worderfully graphic. The duet between the two men verges more on the commonplace, but the act closes brilliantly with Daland's hip weighing anchor after the storm, amid the singing and cheers of the crew. The opening scene of act second, in which we are shown the interior o Daland's cottage, where Senta and her young act second, in which we are shown the interior of Daland's cottage, where Senta and her young friends sit spinning, is absolutely charming. The spinning chorus for female voices is certainly one of the most charming things of its sort in all music. Senta's ballad, in which she relates the legend of Senta's ballad, in which she relates the legend of the Flying Dutchman to her comrades is superb. I know of nothing that equals it in a certain weird power. Erik's song of expostulation seems less good. In fact none of the music of Erik's part strikes us as up to the standard of the rest of the work. It recalls the unhappy Italian Tenore di Grazia too strongly. To be sure Wagner says of him: "Erik must be no sentimental whinperer; on the contrary he is stormy, violent and morose. Wheever sings his Cavatina in the third act in any august way, receters me by so, doing but a sugary sweet way, renders me by so doing but a poor service, as it ought to breathe nothing but mel-ancholy and sorrow." The music, however, reachancholy and sorrow." The music, however, reaches its highest point of power and dramatic intensity in the following scene, where the Dutchman meets Senta and she joyfully consents to be his wife. In this scene, as in the Dutchman's air in the first act, Wagner has done his uttermost. It will always re-Wagner has done his uttermost. It will always remain one of the greatest duets on the stage; perhaps not to be compared with the great duet in the fourth act of Meyerbeer's Huguenots or with the great duets in Lohengrin or the Walküre; but to be great a thing need not be greatest. Certainly this scene alone would suffice to prove Wagner's commanding genius. The sailor's chorus in the third act is a most spirited piece of writing, if per-

haps rather noisy, but that is, after all, not out of keeping with the character of the scene. The gradual working out of this scene is indeed one of Wagner's triumphs. The hilarious joility of Daland's sailors, their jeering invitation to the crew of the phantom ship to join them in their revel, the alternate singing of the men on ship-board and the women on shore, the awakening of the ghostly crew of the Flying Datchman, their demoniac song accompanied by the raging of the tempest, the vain attempts of Daland's sailors to drown out their horrid chorus by striking un their own sailors' song, and the ultimate flight of ho'h sailors and women, leaving the field to the phantom crew, make up a scene of surpassing dramatic brilliancy. After a second attempt by Erik to induce Senta to look favorably upon his love, the opers hurries to its end. This final portion is full of dramatic and musical interest, and is a worthy close of the work. Senta's frantic proclamation of her constancy as she throws herself from a cliff into the sea is really great.

Beethoven at the Aquarium. (!)

There can scarcely be much discussion concerning the highest art-aim of symphony writing, and we have Beethoven's own words to show what he meant when he composed the "Sinfonia Pastorale. No. 6. Op. 68." Symphonies such as Beethoven wrote are surely the most invigorating stimulants to the imagination, and the great master, although in this very work the keynote to his impressions, yet declared that his Pastoral Symphony was rather the record of impressions than actual representation of facts. We can well imagine the horror caused to some minds by the exhibition of a moving illustrative panorama during the execution of Beethoven's sublime work. We can forgive the scorn occasioned by the dull declaration that such music cannot inspire without assistance, and that the mind is dead to fancy before such enchantment. But horrified as we may be, and scornful as we may be, still we are brought face to face with the fact that no gates to enchantment are unlocked by the genius of the musician, and that when he pipes there are some who will not dance. The tion, therefore, resolves itself into this, are we to leave unimpressionable minds in a state of darkness and chaos, are we to reserve Beethoven and his symphonies for such as understand and appreciate them, or may we in all gentle kindness suggest their beauty in a round about and, artistically speaking, an heretical fashion? Not much harm can surely be done by scenic illustrations to the Pastoral Symphony, and if any chance converts are made to the imaginative school, the honest design of the Aquarium authorities may well be spared some of that "scorn of scorn" to which it is at the outset exposed. There will be some who will listen to the music and shut their eyes, and many more who will gaze at the panorama and shut their ears; but if music and scenery in combination suggest to any mind the refining and ennobling influence of Beethoven, it may be possible that such humble inquirers may be spared some of the lashes inflicted ing astheticism. But now that the thing has been done, now that Beethoven's "record of impressions" has been taken up to the painting-room, now that his adorable fancy has been exposed to the harsh rigor of reality, now that his May meadows and sun-lit fields, and carousing villagers, and thunder-storms, and thanksgiving prayers have been measured out by rule of thumb and canvas, it is indeed cus to observe how differently one sublime subject can appeal to varied minds. Mr. Julian Hicks has painted a beautiful panorama; but to say that the panorama touches the musical sentiment or the first principles of the idyll would be disloyalty to Beethoven and un friendly to nature. We will allow, for the friendly to nature. We will allow, for sake of argument, that identical impres are not created by the same touch, but if this magic symphony was not meart to suggest the exquisite simplicity of nature and the purity of rural innocence, it meant nothing. Mr. Hicks has discarded the purely pastorale, and direct-

ed the mind to the abstract classical. He does not take his audience with the music through meadows, by the side of rivulets, amongst the When are the "pleasant feelings aroused in the heart on arriving in the country" in this unreal world of classic temples, broken columns, and impossible citadels? It was the country that God made, and not the palaces built by man that Beethoven described. It is as true now as then. The blue-bell fields of Kent, the solemn shade of the beeches and oaks of England, the villagers of our own time, the rural charms of England, all come before us with the first notes of Beethoven's pastoral mu-Could not Mr. Julian Hicks have led us among the hedge-rows and thatched villages of our own land instead of conducting us to th stately grandeur of an unknown world? see an Acropolis on every hill, and a ruined Palmyra in every valley. The carousing villagers are attired like Paris on the hill of Ida, the dances are suggestive of fauns and satvrs. Pan and Bacchus, Enone and Adonis, are the fran and Baccaus. Canne and Adons, are the figures in the panoramic picture, and the red storm-sun sinks upon a wild plain scattered about with Corinthian columns. The manage-ment has done well in its honest effort to educate the taste; the scenic artist has painted a moving picture distinguished for its boldness beauty. Mr. George Mount has done his best for Beethoven's music, but picture and music are distinct and apart. The mind refuses to take them together.—London Musical

Beethoven-with Illustrations. (!)

The recent performance, at the Westminster Aquarium, of the Pastoral Symphony, with scenic effects, is to be deplored as a violation of the highest principles of musical art. The orche-tral symphony is a distinctive form of musical expression, which can neither be added to, nor taken from, which can neither be added to, nor taken from, which to destroying its very nature and essence. Put words to it, and it becomes a cantata; again, add the stage, and it becomes an embryo opera. To appeal to the eve as well as to the ear is to trench upon the true province of the symphony, which is, to depict by sound alike the varying panorama of nature and the emotions of the heart. Taking the Pastoral Symphony as the best instance to be found, Beethoven's music brings before us with ample distinctness the smiling landscape, the almost suddendarkness, the burst of the storm, the heavy but liquid patter of the rain; the gradual departure of the thunder-clouds, and the thankful repose of nature when the storm is spent. To appeal forcibly to one sense is to distract the other, and it is impossible, in the presence of a gorgeous and shifting panorama, to give an adequate attention to the orchestra. This was fully exemplified in the case of the performance at the Aquarium. The applause of the audience was in chief directed to the scenic effects, and the result of this was the occasional interruption of the noble work they were intended to illustrate. We fear, nevertheless, that the performance is regarded by its projectors as "a success."—Lond. Mus. Standard.

Miss Julia Rive's Style.

(From the Musical Beview, Chicago.)

We cannot imagine why it is that some of the local newspaper critics and contributors on musical subjects should go so far out of their way as to declare that Miss Julia Rivé is a greater artiste than Mme. Annote Escipoff. We can understand how criticism can be so thwarted and warped as to bury out of sight all regard for what is just. We do not accuse any critic of bias in making this comparison. They may have been actuated by honest motives. They may conscientatually believe that Miss Rivé is the greater artist of the two. But we repeat that we cannot appreciate or comprehend the critical perspicacity which shall find in the one anything to compare to the other. It is a thankless and not an easy task to write a criticism upon so accomplished a pianiste as Miss Rivé. Her method no one can disparage and her technique is magnificent. But with all her fine gifts in the wechanical part of her execution there is something wanting in her playing. If we were to judge piano music solely by the dexterity with which certain combinations

of chords are fingered, then the highest praise should be accorded to Miss Rivé. But to properly interpret the great masters in mucical art a per-former should have the keenest sensibilities and the most refined perceptions. This sensitive feeling for former should have the keenest sensibilities and the most refined perceptions. This sensitive feeling for tone in the mind will rapidly and completely find expression at the finger ends. We do not wish to be construed as meaning that Miss Rivé does not possess these necessary qualifications. Unless she had them in some degree and a largely developed degree, too, she never could be the artist that she is. Without any desire to be captious, or to raise frivolous objections to Miss Rivés style, we think that she gives us music with more of the mechanical element in it than the spiritual; and for this reason bravura music is that in which she displays the abun lance and the thorough cultivation of her natural falents. This metaphysical essence in munatural talents. This metaphysical essence in mu-sic is undoubted. Every composition means some natural falents. This metaphysical essence in music is undoubted. Every composition means something, and, unless that something is reached, it cannot wholly satisfy. The true sphere of music is the emotions. Music creates emotions more than it portravs them, and it does not give rise to these emotions if it is not intensely expressive; and to be intensely expressive requires great versatility and grace in touch. These traits we do not think that Miss Rivé has so much as the ability to overcome the most difficult technical passages. Miss Julia Rivé is a thorough artist, an artist who com-bines with a perfect technique a high degree of in-telligence. Her skill in the mechanical requirements of piano music is as perfect as it is surpris-ing. She plays the most intricate music with the ame ease that she would bestow upon an ordinarily difficult composition. There is no woman in this country, and perhaps not in any other, who can play Liszt's complicated music so well as Miss Rivé. She was, we believe, under the instruction of that She was, we believe, under the instruction of that great macestro for the period of twenty-one months, and the influence of her illustrious teacher is evident in her style. Essipoff showed to the greatest degree her skill in bravura music in her execution of the magnificent Saint-Saëns concerto, which she played during her last week in Chicago. Saint-Saëns, who is unquestionably one of the greatest modern composers, gives to this composition a great deal of the character of Liszt's heavier music, compiled with that forces and additionates in the intervals. d with that finesse and melodiousness which is the feature of the romantic school. As played by the teature of the romantic school. As played by Easipoff, it was one of the most superb performan-ces ever given in this city. Essipoff is par excel-lence the poet of the plano. Under her manipula-tion there is a warmth, a grace and an eloquence in plano music which no musician has before imparted This we can say without in the least compelling a comparison with Rubinstein and Von Bülow, both comparison with Eudinstein and Yon Bülow, both greater musiciana. Rubinstein impresses one with the greatness of his musical genius; Yon Bülow by his great intellectuality and Essipoff by her bewitching poetry. The reader will pardon this momentary nis great intellectuality and Essipon by her newitening poetry. The reader will pardon this momentary digression. Inasmuch as critics have insisted that Miss Rivé is as great and sometimes greater than Essipoff, we wish to show wherein, in our opinion, she is deficient. Miss Rivé is lacking in that poetical quality, that graceful feminine insight, which was the charm and singularity of Essipoff's playing. Miss Rive, as we have said above, as an interpreter of brilliant, intricate music, deserves all the praise that can be lavished upon her. But as a reader of the romantic and poetical styles of musical composition she is below our ideal. In Miss Rive's nature we do not think, judging from her personal appearance, that the idealities and poetic faculties are largely developed. And this we say without intending any injustice to this gifted lady. She cannot impart to her music that which she evidently has not herself. If the reader will agree with us in the premises he or she will certainly agree with us in the premises he or she will certainly agree with us in the deduction. Miss Rive's execution of compositions similar to those of Chopin, Schubert, Beet sitions similar to those of Chopin, Schubert, Beet hoven, and, indeed, all sentimental music, reminds us of a painting in high colors where the lights and abadows, which are as necessary to the perfect musical idea as to the painting, have been sacrificed for brilliant effects. We are aware that many will disent from us but this is one housest onicion. dissent from us, but this is our honest opinion.

Boston Audiences

MADAME ESSIPOFF'S CONCERTS.

the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser :-

With all due respect to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, his reflections upon Madaree Essipoff's failure here in Boston do not reveal much understanding in artistic matters. As other articles have appeared, written in a

similar strain, it may not be out of place to say some-thing on the other side. To be brief and to the point, r from wishing to detract from Madame Essipe admirable playing, we contend that it requires some-thing more than this admirable playing to make an ev-ening concert at the Music hall interesting. In the first place we object to the hall for performances which posass the character of chamber concerts. It is too large and two planes on that great stage, without any sign of an orchestra, wear a most melancholy aspect. To hear a concerto by Chopin or Saint-Saëns in the Music Hall, with accompaniment of a second plane, no matter how well played, cannot possibly inspire us. To have it t by the vocal performances which the audience had to listen to next, was calculated to counteract any possible charm that the playing might previously have given. To have these vocal performances followed by solo compositions like the "Melancholie" by Prume, and others of the kind, however fair the playing, was hardly endurable.

may not be as appreciative as we she we think we compare not unfavorably with the best audiences in European cities, and are far more good-nat-ured. At all events, if we are to be considered unartistic, we claim that these concerts as a whole were unartistic also, and would not be patronized, even if tolerated, by cultivated audiences in any respectable European city any more than in Boston! When Mr. Rubinstein engaged Horticultural hall and alone at the plane played carefully-selected programmes from differe schools of music, we listened to him with unbounded interest, and he certainly could not complain of his auinterest, and he certainly could not complain of his antidiences nor of any want of appreciation on their part.
When we are asked to listen to plano-forte playing in
the Music Hall with an orchestra, we want that orchestra
to be good, or at least passably good. The better the
playing is, the better the orchestra should be; and it is
hardly fair to expect us to put up with worse than mediocrity, for the orchestra that did accompany Madame
Essipoff was worse than mediocre. We could not blame
Madame Essipoff for dispensing with such an orchestra
if she could not give no a better one but a hall of the
size of the Music Hall is not, in our opinion, the proper
hall for a series of solo performances on the plano.
In any large city the concert.going public form of

If the Could not give in a better one but a fail of the size of the Music Hall is not, in our opinion, the proper hall for a series of sole performances on the plano.

In any large city the concert-going public form of course, a small portion of it. If statistics (to be practical) could be made up showing the number of concerts that have been given in Boston this season, and the number of people who have attended them, we think they would demonstrate that, in view of the fact that people generally feel poor in these times—and as a rule the more cultivated in mind the poorer in purse,—we have not been lacking in natronizing them

We have far too di-tinguished artists among us to fall in our appreciation of planoforte playing and of Madame E-sipoff's performances. Although we may not be able to accord to her that superlative praise which some of the critics have indulged in, and though we have heard those among us whose conception and rendering of some of the compositions she played impressed us much more favorably, we do accord to her our enthusastic admi atton, and respectfully engeest to her that is the abould favor us again with a vielt, she will engage a smaller hall and will permit no to listen to her alone. She will then do herself and her audience justice, and her audience will do justice and pay homage to her.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

[From the Saturday Evening Gazette.]

Madame Essipoff's shabby treatment by the Bost public during her recent engagement here has called forth the following appreciative and kindly letter from William Lloyd Garri-on, who manifests a just and man-ly indignation at the neglect with which the artist was treated here: BOSTON, March 10, 1877.

Happening to be in New York last November, I was induced, by the exalted encomiums bestowed upon your proficiency as a pianist by the leading journals of that city, to attend several of your concerts; and though, in equence, my expectations were raised to a pitch, they were transcended not only by the wonderful precision and perfectness of your execution, but by the superiative judgment, taste and skill you displayed in your interpretation of the various productions of the most em'nent musical composers—the modesty of your deportment also greatly enhancing the pleasure of listening to your performances.

ening to your performances.

When, a few weeks afterward you made your début in this city, the comparative smallness of your audiences could be easily accounted for by local circumstances especial to the season; but by what influences—malign, fortuitous or otherwise—you have been left, on this your second vi-it, to exhibit your phenomenal powers to a most inadequate attendance, it is difficult to conjecture. The fact is simply discreditable to the musical pretensions of Boston, but detracts nothing from your own exceeding meritoriousness.

sions of Boston, the there are considered in the consideration of the consideration of the profound interest I take in whatever relates to the elevation of your sex, the enlargement of their sphe of usefulness and activity, and the vindication of their claim to equal rights, privileges and possible attainments with those of my own sex. Too long have they been assigned to an inferior position.

Respectfully yours,

WM. LLOYD GABRISON.

For Dwight's Journal of Music. An Appeal

When in Rome last year, I found there teaching Music, in a very humble way, a lady whom I had known many years before, as a brilliant and popular singer,—ELISA BISCACCIANTI, see Ostinelli. I am sure that many of the readers of the Journal must remember her, for she was Boston-born. Her father, Signor Ostinelli, was a violinist of rare genius; her mother, an American lady, was a fine professional planist. Miss Ostinelli, a warmhearted, enthusiastic girl, possessing a voice of remarkfather, and placed under the best musical and dramatic instruction. In five or six years she returned to us. as Signora Biscaccianti, a Contess. "but that's not much" -an inspired singer, and that's a great deal. By the way, she was the first American Prima Donna singi way, she was the first american Frima Donna single; in Italian opera—in America, at least. She was everywhere enthusiastically received—everywhere successful, in op-era and in concerts, and especially after some years of practice and a second visit to Europe had ripened her voice and given richness and breadth to her style. She was quite unspoiled by success and adulation; manner, as she used to stand for a moment regarding her audience, with her large, dark, melancholy eyes, was very charming—a singular mingling of timidity and dignity—a childlike appealing and artistic self-reliance. The voice which poured from the sli-ht chest and deli-cate throat of the little woman astonished every one by its power, its soaring, careering, exultant ch

Previous to her second professional visit to America, Biscaccianti sang with great acceptance in London, Par-is, St. Petersburg, and several Italian cities. Subse-quently she visited the Pacific coast and South America twice, I believe, remaining several years. At last, drawn thence by her maternal heart, she came to Italy, where her son was at school, hoping there to continue her career. But sorrow came with her, and misfortune soon met her, in the form of a long and terrible illness, from the effects of which she has not yet entirely recovered. For ten years it has not been possible for her to pursue her profession-and though I hear that her voice is now coming back in a marvellous manner, she can hardly rely upon it again in the old way. But certainly time and sickness have left uninjured her rare artistic knowledge and experience, and her ability as a teacher,

which she ought to be able to utilize.

In this country she would do well. I doubt not; but even if she had the means to come, she feels that she can-not be again separated from her son—a fine young man not be again separated from her son—a fine young man—now serving in the Italian army. But Rome swarms with singing masters, and she, humble and heart-broken, has made her way very slowly, never having pupils enough to insure her a support. Her best friend in Rome is Mrs. Marsh, the noble wife of our Minister; and to her, when about to return to America, I applied for a little statement which I could append to an appeal, in case I should be unable sufficiently to relieve our poor friend by my own labor, and by soliciting aid in a strictly private way. Illness and a press of imperative duties have prevented me from carrying out the plan which a regard for the delicate feelings of the artist suggested, and now there seems no other way but this. The only assistance I have hitherto received for Madame Biscaccianti, has been from that "Grand Almoner" for unfortunate genius and worth, George W. Childs, who tion has helped her through the fall and winter.

I can testify that, when the great singer was at the height of her popularity, she was most sympathetic and generous—always responding to appeals for charity, and delighting to assist all young aspirants for lyric fame, and broken-down artists. Now she, in her sad turn, needs help, which we ask for her. We wish and we intend to raise for her a moderate sum-not so great as she often gave away in a single night,—but sufficient to procure for her more suitable clothing and more confortable liv-ing than she can now afford. We desire to put her bed the apprehension of cruel want, should she yond the apprehension of cruet want, should she again fall ill. So, good friends, you with art-loving, and there-fore charitable hearts—with musical, and therefore merciful souls, send your contributions to the Biscaccianti fund, to John S. Dwight, Esq., Boston, or to George P. Marsh, U. S. Minister, Rome. Italy, or to

Yours trustingly, GRACE GREENWOOD

232 New Jersey Ave., Washington, D. C.

LETTER FROM MRS. MARSH. Rome, May 1876.

Dear Mrs. Lippincote:—Being extremely anxious that Madame Biscaccianti shall be relieved from her present embarrassments and in the hope that you may be able to excite an interest in her. among her former friends, gladly comply with your request. It is unnecessary to recount the circumstances which have placed her in this trying position—and with her career as a singer, you are

better acquainted than I—so I may confine myself to what I have known of her during the past year and a half. She came to Rome in the winter of 1674-5, absolutely without means, and in the hope of finding employment as a teacher of singing. Several American laddes interested themselves for her—but here only sadires delaw in the great old school, by the great masters, was unable to secure more than one steady pupil. This was a nicc of my own, and in her case the success of Madame Biscaccianti was most wonderful. She showed at once great skill as a teacher and much womanly tact. During the summer, she could find nothing to do (my nicce having returned to America) and she would have suffered from absolute want but for the kind help of Americans, then in Rome. Upon means furnished by them she lived in the country, with the utmost economy, and in the autumn came back, to try again. Though more fortunate than last year, she has still been far from able to meet the simple wants. In a year or two, I feel confidant that she will have acquired a reputation as a teacher, which will enable her to support herself. In the meantime, she must have kelp, and I sincerely hope, dear Madam, that you may be able to rouse the sympathies of those who in happier days have listened with delight to the rare music of her voice, so far as to induce them to extend that help. Painful and humilisting as has been her situation, since my acquaintance with her, I have always found her a lady, in manners, feeling and conduct, and yet at all times ready and anxious to do anything to help herself. I am deeply interested in her behalf. It is sad to see one who has done so much for the pleasure of others, reduced to a condition so distressing.

Very truly yours,

Very truly yours, C. C. MARSH.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1877.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!-The present number (938) completes the Thirty-sixth Volume, and the Twenty-fifth year of our Journal of Music. The title page and Index for the last two Volumes will take the place of the usual pages of Music in the next number.

Mme. Essipoff's Concerts.

Rather a silly stir, it seems to us, has been made in the newspapers about the small attendance upon the last concerts in our city of this admirable, in some respects superlative, planist, The accidental fact has been made the criterion of Boston musical taste and Boston "culture" generally. As if peo-ple, to prove the sincerity of their pretention to a love for what is best in Art, were bound to turn out en masse, crowding the biggest hall, whenever, and under whatever circumstances, and in whatever manner, any speculating manager may please to bring a famous virtuoso within our reach. "Exceptionally " fine the artist may be, to be sure; but then, in these days, the exceptional is fast becoming the almost too common. One new prodigy follows so closely on the heels of another, that we get no rest, and nothing any longer seems wonderful at all. In this matter of piano playing the passion and the appetite for wonder were pretty well exhausted here by Rubinstein and Bülow; it could not reasonably be expected that a third already, even if in some sense more remarkable, could still increase the fever of excitement; nor is it by such fevers that we live the healthy life of Art. The impresarios, the speculators in Art and artists, would have things their way; it is their cue to keep us all the time on the qui vive for the exceptional; but the real, sincere, enlightened taste of a community cares less and less for the exceptional, finding its gratification more in the quiet, temperate enjoyment of what is intrinsically good and true and edifying in a wholesome everyday and easy sort of way; and manifesting its zeal for Art by steadily fostering the means of Art within its own borders, rather than by running after every new sign and wonder. We count ourselves among the admirers of Mme. Essipoff's playing; we listen with sincere delight to all she does; we shall always be glad, season and circumstances favoring, to hear her again. But we protest against the assumption of

these critics and sneerers at Boston taste, that Boston society is bound, at all times and in all circumstances, to crowd the vast Music Hall to hear even the ne plus ultra of pianists play. We protest that the small audience complained of has nothing at all to do with the question of Boston's degree of musical culture and appreciation as compared with that of other places. Indeed the really musical Boston makes no pretensions, and does not occupy itself with childish comparisons or rivalry with other cities: this idiotic, idle talk all comes from the re porters, letter writers, quid nuncs of the newspepers. What matters it whether Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia be the most musically cultivated city? If we have any real music lovers among us, they are too much occupied with making the most of their own opportunities, to be disputing the palm with any other place.

Now it is very easy to account for Mme. Essipoff's small audiences without any reflections, just or unjust, on the musical character of Boston. One reason, of a general nature, we have already hinted. Here are others:

- 1. The most important, as bearing on cases of this kind, has been very truly stated by "One of the Audience" in a communication which we copy from the Advertiser. It is simply unreasonable to expect that crowds of people, sufficient to fill the Boston Music Hall, will ever be persuaded, more than once or twice, to attend mere piano recitals or Chamber Concerts. Such a thing is not known anywhere in Europe: why should it be in America? Oratorios, Orchestral concerts, Operas, address the larger crowd; but the number who find frequent pleasure in Chamber music is comparatively limited and select. Now your speculative impresario, with mind ever bent on "big Bonanzas," takes a famed pianist, and tries to put him before as big a crowd as he would a Lind, a Nilsson, or a Wagner opera. It is out of all reason,-against nature.-And then again, piano-playing is never heard to advantage, never well appreciated in so large a hall; nor is it in itself so good, because the performer, instead of playing as he feels, and as he would, thinks he must try to conquer the vast space by using extra power. A Chopin or a Beethoven Concerto in the Music Hall, without an Orchestra, is simply an absurditv. Is it not time that we had learned this lesson? We surely did not need to wait for Essipoff to learn it; it was the same experience with Rubinstein and Bülow, and naturally only more so now; the number of music lovers who are kept away by such experience is and must be steadily increasing. Were the Abbate Liszt himself to come, he probably would fill the great hall once or twice, until his figure became quite familiar; after that, the small hall, the quiet nook of pure, intrinsic musical delight, would be the place for him.
- 2. This artist's second visit was unfortunately timed. It came right after a long continued and exhausting round of concerts :-eight or ten Thomas concerts in ten days, with many more besides. One cannot be a concert-goer all the time. Even a poor musical Editor, with the seasoning of a quarter of a century, finds it more than he can well digest, and is often tempted like a sentinel to sleep upon
- 3. Indifferent, or unattractive programmes. How little they offered as compared with those of Rubinstein and Bülew! They, perhaps, overdid it sometimes, giving us too much of a good thing. But in these four concerts of Mme. Essipoff we had two Concertos, without orchestra; not a Sonata, nor any work at all, of Beethoven, nor anything whatever in Sonata form except one for piano and violin by Rubinstein; one short selection from Bach; two Chopin Polonaises, and one of Liszt's Hungarian

Rhapsodies; and for all the rest a multitude of little pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, Henselt, Raff, Leschetizki and other Russians, with only one by Mendelssohn and one by Schumann:-all very pleasing in their way, but not of much account for "grand" concert in the Music Hall. Further than this, by no means a relief, there were overdoses of for the most part rather hacknied and indifferent violin solo music, albeit played by a master of his instrument, and some singing to which it was simply pain to listen !

4. Another drawback may be mentioned. The instrument on which she played-a Steinway "Centennial Grand," we believe-was one of exceptional, prodigious volume and power of tone, as if to fit it for the great hall; but also one in which the sweet intrinsic music of the tone, the singing quality the Steinway instruments once had when not forced, seemed all sacrificed to power. The tone was thick, dry, unsympathetic; so that in delicate and subtle, and particularly rapid passages (say the Gigue from Bach) the effect of Mme. Essipoff's exquisite phrasing and interpretation was obscured.

Other reasons might be named; but are not these sufficient? We have left ourselves but little room for a review of the concerts in detail. Of Mme. Essipoff's whole style of playing-her perfect certainty,-her touch so clear, so vital, so exquisitely medulated .- the wonderful ease with which she executes the hardest tasks,-the fine conception and good taste pervading all,-we can say no more than we have said before, except to add that the charm of the whole in its unity seems greater than before and inexhaustible. Her opening performance, of the Saint-Saëns Concerto in G minor, was superb throughout,-not clearer, nor in conception truer, than that by Mr. Lang, its chief advantage being in the perfect case with which it was done, and something more of telling power. On the other hand, the poorly played accompaniments on a second piano were rather a distraction than a help to the integral impression of the work. As to the E-minor Concerto of Chepin (in the last concert), we dare not say we ever heard it played more perfectly. The same of the great Chopin Polonaises, Barcarolle, etc. And all the smaller things were, each after its kind, exquisitely polished gems under her hand. The very pronounced statement of the melody throughout, with the shaded accompaniment in the left hand, was still obvious; and so were several other slight defects which have been pointed out by many critics, surely in no spirit of detraction.

One word for the violinist, Mons. VIVIEN. More and more we all became convinced that in him we had a very superior master of his instrument. The difficulty was that many of his selections were hacknied and inopportune; though there is hardly a composition of Vieuxtemps without true artistic merit and great charm in its place. But the morbid, sentimental, fade and shallow "Melancholie" by Prume seemed only revived to show that the world has had the best of reasons for forgetting it. For two fine exceptions, however, we must give credit. One was the Sonata from the great old creative violin period, by Rust (1795), which was refreshing by its breadth and power, and its imaginative and varied charm. The other was the Sonata-Duo, in Aminor, by Rubinstein, which was played to a charm with Mme. Essipoff. This last headed the purely Russian programme of the third concert,-a bouquet less unque than might have been expected, and made up apparently out of no very great abundance

We trust that we shall yet again hear Mme. Essipoff, in a hall of moderate size, and as the bringer forth of other treasures new and old of her rich repertoire,-as an interpretress of great works of the greatest masters, Beethoven at all events included.

Concerts of the Last Fortnight.

The ninth HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT had this programme:

- 1. Overture to " The Men of Prometheus,"
 Beethoven
- 2. Piano-forte Concerto, No. 2. in F minor. Chopin Maestoso—Larghetto—Allegro vivace. Madame Madeline Schiller.

The short, bright Overture to Beethoven's Ballet music, a small Overture for him, is always fresh in spite of its familiarity, transporting the hearer at once into the clear Olympian atmosphere of Art. Madame Schiller was at her best in her rendering of the Chopin Concerto, It was indeed superb. Not only was the technical execution, phrasing, light and shade, etc., singularly perfect, and the interpretation conscientious and impressive, free from liberties of tempo and all affectation; but it was all given with an interesting fervor, winning the general sympathy; although the poetic soul and spirit of such a work hardly takes that entire possession of her which we have felt in some other interpreters whose command of the means of expression is inferior to hers. She played the Mendelssohn pieces with a delightful ease and finish, and a clear characterization of each. Particularly charming was her rendering of that light, airy fancy, the Presto from Op. 7, which she repeated in response to an enthusiastical recall.

The orchestra for the most part did their work remarkably well. The Overture by Rietz to "Hero and Leander" was never before heard in Bostonperhaps never in America, though it is still played from time to time in Germany. Less perfect than his Concert Overture in A, it is still the work of a genial musician, master of his Art. The slow introduction is truly beautiful and graphic,-music of the best kind; but the Allegro, though it sets out well, is too prolix and does not leave a very marked impression .- The Symphony in C by Raff-one of his earlier ones, though numbered Op. 140, has been heard here only once before (in the seventh season of these concerts.) It does not run into the extravagancies of his more recent "programme" Symphonies, though it is laid out on an equally large, ambitious plan. It shows great grasp of all the symphonic means, rather than any very original or fine inspiration. The instrumentation is extremely rich and full of interesting contrast and ingenious effects. The first movement, while it gives a sense of power, seems to us somewhat dry; and also vague, except in technical development and form; pregnant musical ideas or seed-thoughts he does not seem to be inspired with. The Andante is impressive with a deeper sentiment and has not a little noble beauty. The mingling of reed instru ments, horns, etc., in the third movement is quite fascinating; and the Finale has a very grandiose and stately introduction, whose promise is but half fulfilled in the spirited Allegro which succeeds it. Throughout the work you recognize the great form and the great style of the masters,-" the large utterance of the older Gods," but not their inspira-

The Testimonial Concert to Miss NITA GARTANO, at the Union Hall, on Friday evening, March 23, was a most delightful and purely artistic musical occasion, thoroughly inspiring to the refined and appreciative audience. Miss Gaëtano was kindly sisted by Miss CLARA DORIA, Mr. OTTO DRESEL,

Mr. B. J. Lang, Dr. S. W. Langmaid and Mr. S. B. Schlesinger. The programme was exquisitely choice; every number was a gem, and set to best advantage. First came the Quartet (Canon) from Fidelio, beautifully sung by the two ladies, with Dr. Langmaid and Mr. Schlesinger, with the orchestral accompaniments very fully and suggestively represented in an arrangement made for two pianos by Mr. Dresel and played by him and Mr. Lang. Next came the delicate and lovely tenor Aria: "Un aura amorosa," from Mozart's Cosi fan tutte, sung with the sweet and sympathetic quality of voice and the refined expression that befits it, by Dr. Langmaid. The Duet for two Sopranos from Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm was finely sung by Miss Gaëtano and Miss Doria. And then came Miss Gaëtano's voice alone in a group of the most impassioned songs by Robert Franz, The first, "In Autumn," which she had already sung in a Symphony Concert, one of the most intensely dramatic songs we know of, original and great of its kind, was sung with thrilling tone and accent, with such fire and beauty, that the whole audience were transported and earnest for a repetition. The second, "Lament of the Rose" (Es hat die Rose sich geklagt), a strain of gentle sadness, was feelingly rendered; and the third, the exciting and almost sublime "Gewitter nacht," or Night of storm and lightning, in whose raging winds and flashing fires the betrayed lover seeks for sympathy (Allegro appassionato); then mourns over the "dreams of youth soon vanished," in a softer strain alternating with the fitful bursts of rage; and finally in an exquisitely tender and subdued Adagio storm yields to gentle rain and rage to tears, and he prays for the return of love. This too was sung superbly, with all the changes of expression; and the marvellous accompaniment was played as only one can play it.

The first part ended with another glorious selection from Fidelio,-the Trio, sung by Miss Doris, Miss Gaëtano and Mr. Schlesinger, with the same admirable two-piano accompaniment, setting forth the intrinsic beauty of the music, so abounding in fine motives, and so masterly in treatment, about as satisfactorily, and even more so, than any but an exceptionally perfect stage performance. It was both sung and played to a charm.

At the beginning of the second part-by which time both audience and artists had become completely warmed up,-dividing and relieving the vocal efforts, came an exquisite performance by Mr. Lang and Mr. Dresel of Mozart's Sonata in D for two pianos, which, despite the length of its three movements, was received with about as much enthusiasm as the singing. This was felicitously followed by that ever fresh and charming Minna and Brenda duet in Der Freyschütz, in which the serious air and temperament of Miss Gaëtano found fit contrast in the cheerful healthy nature of Miss Doria, who sang Aennehen's light and florid melody with rare artistic grace and finesse. But on the whole Miss Gaëtano's most complete success was in the Air of Alice from Robert le Diable, which suited her most admirably, and of which she gave all the recitatives, the naïve, piquant melody, the changes and returns, and the cadenzas, with fine dramatic truth and beauty, enhanced by Mr. Dresel's singularly graphic accompaniment, which brought the scene complete before us, with all its episodical diablerie and terror.-The Serenade in Don Giovanni, with its pizzicato quasi-guitar accompaniment, is always murdered on the stage; but here it was not only very finely sung by Mr. Schlesinger, but the two pianos again made the beauty of the composition as a whole more palpable to most hearers than it had ever been before. Miss Gaëtano (by request) now offered a few flowers from less classic fields of song,

recalling a remembered pleasure. These were the Barcarolle by Gordigiani, and "Au Printemps" by Gounod, followed for an encore by one of her witching Spanish songs (music in which she was first cradled,-learned from her mother's lips), sung to her own accompaniment. Three four-part songs by Franz, ("Swiss Song," "Volkslied" and "May Song") dismissed the audience with an appetite.

We have yet to jot down our very pleasant impres sions of the "Cecilia" concert, and our mixed, half bewildered feelings after a week of Wagner Opera (Mr. Freyer's Wagner Festival.)

New York, March 26. The fourth concert of the Philharmonic society (Feb. 17) began with Mendelssohn's fine breezy overture: "Zum Märchen von der schönen Melusine," composed at Berlin in 1833. We are indebted for it in part to the mediocrity of another composer, nradin Kreutzer, who wrote an opera in which Mile. Hähnel appeared as a mermaid combing her hair. Captivated by a fish so beautiful, and annoyed by the applause which an undiscriminating audience bestowed had overture. Mendelsaohn, to use his own words, " was inspired with a wish to write an overture which the people might not encore, but which would cause them more solid pleasure." Thus the "lovely Melusine" came into orld

Next came a Serenade for strings (first time) by Robert Fuchs, in five parts as follows: Menuetto,-Allegro Scherzando,-Adagio,-Allegro find his style by the study of the best orchestral works, and the Serenade, if not strikingly original, is very pleasing and contains some beautiful effects, particularly in the Andante and the final Allegro. The Allegro Scherzando, which is the weakest part, appeared to please the audience the most of all, and it had to be repeated entire. The work was finely performed, the excellence of the violins being strikingly apparent in a remarkable diminuendo at the

After this came another povelty, in the shape of a Con-After this came another noveity, in the snape of a con-certo for Piano with orchestra, by Hans von Bronsart, with Mr. S. B. Mills at the piano. The Concerto is divi-ded as follows: Allegro maestoso,—Adagio,—Finale alla Tarantella. This is a vigorous and brilliant composition, in which the piano is happily treated, but the composes chestration, which is at is less fortunate in his or heavy. Mr. Mills played with the crisp, delicate, yet and he also showed a very nice discrimination and intelctual perception of the composer's ideas, the only thing lacking being the poetic sense, without which n artist can be really great. In response to an encore he played the "Ende vom Lied" of Schumann.

The second part was taken up by Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7. It was wise thus to isolate so great a work, for all stars must pale before this sun. The performance was generally commendable, and the Society deserved a much larger audience.

The fifth concert (March 24) we did not attend, but give the programme:

At the fifth Symphony Concert of Theo. Thomas March 10) Steinway Hall was filled to overflowing, the

March 10) Steinway Hall was filled to overflowing, the smaller hall being thrown open as is usual on such occasions. It opened with Haydn's Symphony in D, known as No. 2, in Breitkopf and Haertel's edition. It is a beautiful work and strikes a deeper vein of sentiment than is usual in Haydn's music. This is felt most of all in the Andante, which is poetic in a high degree. It would be difficult to imagine a finer performance than that given by the orchestra of this work.

From Haydn to Mozart is a natural transition, and accordingly the next piece on the list was Mozart's Recitative and Aria: "Mache vi fece," sung by Miss Thursby, who has a clear, high soprano voice of good quality and tolerably well trained. She is likely to make her mark in the world, and on this occasion she gained conciderable appliance by her rendering of the difficult Concert aria, in which, however, she was not entirely at ease, her voice being unsteady in certain passages and striking some of the highest notes with manifest effort.

Following this came Beethoven's overture to Fidelic Mo. 4, the one usually played at the representation of the opera, but heard less frequently than the others, but distinctively an overture, not a string of airs taken from the concert reom. It is lighter than the others, but distinctively an overture, not a string of airs taken from the opera and served in advance in the careless fashion of or-linary operatic composers. It is, to such miscalled overtures, what Fidelic is to ordinary opera.

[For want of room our Correspondent's description of Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony, which formed the second part of the programme, must lie over.—ED]

The Most Perfect Theatre in the World.

The principles on which the Theatre Français rests are a good deal like the common law of England— a vaguely and inconveniently registered mass of regulations which time and occasion have welded together, and from which the recurring occasion can usually manage to extract the rightful precedent. Napoleon I., who had a finger in every pie in his dominion, found time during his brief and disastrous occupation of Moscow to send down a decre remodelling and regulating the constitution of the theatre. This document has long been a dead let-ter, and the society abides by its older traditions. The traditions of the Comedie Français—that is the sovereign word, and that is the charm of the place sovereign word, and that is the charm of the place—the charm that one never ceases to feel, however often one may sit beneath the classic, dusky dome. One feels this charm with peculiar intensity as a newly arrived foreigner. The Theatre Français has had the good fortune to be able to allow its traditions to accumulate. They have been preserved, transmitted, respected, cherished, until at last they form the very atmosphere, the vital air of the establishment. A stranger feels their superior influence the first time he sees the great curtain go up; he the first time he sees the great curtain go up; he feels that he is in a theatre which is not as other theatres are. It is not only better, it is different. It has a peculiar perfection—something consecrated historical, academic. This impression is delicious. historical, academic. This impression is delicious, and he watches the performance in a sort of transquil extasy. Never has he seen anything so smooth and harmonious, so artistic and complete. He heard all his life of attention to detail, and now, for the first time, he sees something that deserves the name. He sees dramatic effort refined to a point with which the English stage is unacquainted. He sees that there are no limits to possible "finish," and that so trivial an act as taking a letter from a servant or placing one's hat on a chair may be made a suggestive and interesting incident. He sees these things and a yeran many more besides, but at a suggestive and interesting incident. He sees these things and a great many more besides, but at first he does not analyze; he gives himself up to sympathetic contemplation. He is in an ideal and exemplary world—a world that has managed to attain all the felicities that the world we live in missing the proposed of the things that we have the statement of the second of the seco tain all the felicities that the world we live in misses. The people do the things that we should like to do; they are gifted as we should like to be; they have mastered the accomplishments that we have had to give up. The women are not all beautiful—decidedly not, indeed—but they are graceful, agree able, sympathetic, lady-like; they have the best manners possible, and they are delightfully well dressed. They have charming musical voices, and dressed. They have charming musical voices, and they speak with irreproachable purity and sweetness; they walk with the most elegant grace, and when they sit it is a pleasure to see their attitudes. They go out and come in, they pass across the stage; they talk, and laugh, and cry, they deliver long tirades or remain statue-quely mute; they are tender or tragic, they are comic or conventional and through it all you never observe an awkwardness, a roughness, an accident, a crude spot, a false no e. [Henry James, Jr., i.e. The Ga'azy.

JOSEPH JOACHIN, MUS. DOC. The honorary degree of Doctor of Music, granted to Jeachim, by grace of the senate last May, was conferred on him at Cambridge on Thursday. Joachim was introduced to the senate in an eloquent Latin speech by the Public Orator, Mr. J. E.

In the evening a concert took place in the Guildhall. Dr. Joachim, the hero of the evening, was greeted on his entire with uproarious applause, which was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's Concerto. Dr. Joachim's new Overture, and Brahma' Symphony in C minor, were giv with great success.—London Musical World, March 10.

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN AMERICA. We give place with easure to the following Card of Prof. RITTER:

Readers of my " History or Music" (in the form of lectures), are aware that I have been for some time engaged on the continuation of that work to be entitled "Music in America." Though the past history of music in America is by no means rich, yet much has already been accomplished, which offers ample subject for rebeen accomplished, which offers ample subject for re-flection and instruction to the thoughtful and unbiassed observer. It is my object to place this in an impartial light before the student or admirer of art; to render justice to those genuine laborers whose services may have been overhooked; to put apparently successful ef-forts to the test of their after influence on artistic prog-ress, social and public; and to give a complete, though general, view of the present musical situation on this continent.

Being anxious to render my work as complete as possible in regard to contemporary labors, I now request conductors, heads of concert institutes, and music achools, as well as amateurs practically interested in music, to favor me by forwarding to my address the programmes or constitutions of their societies, or any do uments bearing a genuine relation to musical culti-

FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER.

Professor of Music at Vassar College.

March, 1877.

Miss Thursby's New Engagement.

A contract has just been concluded between Mr. Manrice Strakosch and Miss Emma C. Thursby, said to be the most liberal any American singer ever made with a manager. Its provisions require Miss Thursby to sing in concerts and oratories both here and in Europe for three years from the 2d of April next, while Mr. Straagrees to pay her a sum dependent for its exact amount on certain contingencies, but which is estimated to exceed \$100,000 Further, it provides that Miss Thurs by shall have the months of July and August of each year for recreation, and that she may fulfill all her present engagements, including that for the forthcoming Handel and Haydn festival in Boston; and be at liberty to sing at as many private concer's in Europe as chooses-this last provise being estimated as worth fully \$4,000 to her. Mr. Strakosch also undertakes to pay all the traveling, hotel, and other incidental expen Miss Thursby and her chaperon. An additional con tract engages Miss Thursby to sing in a concert tour through the West, beginning next Monday in company with Ole Bull and Mme Essinoff, under Mr. Strakosch's direction. She is at present under an engagement with the Broadway Tabernacle Church-Dr. Taylo she receives a salary of \$3,000 per annum, but it is un-derstood that, in spite of the congregation's anxiety to retain her, they will place no obstacle in the way of fulfilling her new contracts. Miss Thursby is a native of Brooklyn, where her moth

er, two sisters, and a brother are now residing, support-She first displayed her musical to and abilities while a member of the Sunday-school class of Dr. Potter's church in the Eastern District. From there she went to Plymouth Church, obtaining a position in the choir. After that she was engaged as the leading singer by Dr. Potter's congregation, and remained there until Dr. Chapin's church, in this city, induced her to me to them. From there she came to Dr. Taylo church. During all of these engagements she patiently studied her art. Her first master was Errani, of this city, and her last, Mme. Rudersdorff, of Boston. She went to Italy, and studied there for some ten months under several teachers, but without any remarkable progress. In 1875 she came to Mme Rudersdorff, who, as she says, at once perceived Miss Thursby's great superi-ority to the ordinary run of pupils, took an especial interest in her, and got her to sing in a concert given by the Harvard Musical Association in Boston where she ie her first hit. Since then she has sung in nearly all parts of the country, everywhere meeting with high praise. Last year she traveled with Mr. P. S. Gilmore to California. At Salt Lake City her reception was of the warmest character, Brigham Young inviting her to sing in the great Tabernacle, and bringing his entire house-hold to hear her. At San Francisco Dom Pedro, of Brazil, heard her, and was so charmed with her vo manner that he made her the most flattering offers to come to Rio de Janeiro, and a few days before his de parture for Europe he asked her as a favor to come and sing for him one evening at least. Since then Mr. Max Strakosch has frequently urged her to enter into an en-gagement with him to appear in opera, but this she has refused to do, replying to all entreaties that she had ressons which forbade her to think of appearing on the

Personally Miss Thursby is of petite figure, a very ex-Personally Miss Thursby is of petite figure, a very expressive face, and a most charming and modest bearing. She ascribes all her success to Mme. Rudersdorff, saying that she never had a real music lesson until she met her. As far as her contract with Maurice Strakosch is concerned, she says she had very little to do with its making. having left the whole matter with Mme. Rudersdorff, and being entirely guided by her. She expects to appear in oratorio early next month, and thinks she will remain in America for another year, provided Mr. Strakosch does not deem it advisable to take her abroad sooner.

Mme. Rudersdorff horself is highly enthusiantic about her papil, saying she is "just a little darling," She says Miss Thursby has promised to come and spend every July and August, which Mr. Strakosch has given, for rest, with her, receiving such further instruction as she can give.— Music Trude Review.

Special Aotices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piane Accompaniment.

The King's Highway. D. 3. c to E. Molloy. 40 "Who rides vonder, proud and gav, Spurning the dust on the King's Highway." Glorious song for Bass, Baritone or Alto voice.

Good-hye, Old Year. Song and Cho. Pic-ture title. G. 3, c to g. Rice "A year to add to all my years." A fine song, appropriate for birth days, anni-ersaries and New Years'.

The Song that I loved long ago. G. 4. d Lutz. 35 "While passion survives and while memory

lingers, My fast thro bing heart, as these melodies flow," A very intense song, which should be a very successful concert one.

My Darling's Last Smile. Song and Cho. F. 3. d to F. Opert Operti. 30 "Only a smile, a smile of affection." Very melodious song and chorus. Words hy

Colored Recruits. Song and Chorus. F. 2. a to D.

"A rub-a-dub-dub and away we go?" Comic. Nonsensical. Pretty melody.

Wanderer's Song. Duet. A. F to e (Bass Staff.) Abt. 40

"Marschiren, liebe Gesellen." "March on, march on, my brother." A bright, tripping double song for a "wan-derer" and his comrade. One of F. Abt's "Duets for Baritone and Bass."

Instrumental.

Soirces de Vienne, Valses Caprices. A miner and major. 4. Lizzt. 60 Does not at first appear to be difficult; but one unnut call a Liszt piece easy. Striking and ef-

In the Forest. E. 3. Heller 30 A few sweet Forest sounds are wove into a very sweet harmony. One of the set, "Perles Musicales."

Home on the Rhine. (Heimath am Rhein.) Waltzes. 3, Melodious set of Waltzes, that will recall to mind the ancient river.

Flying Dutchman. (Fliegender Hollander.)

Choice fragments of Wagner's Opera. No. 62 of "Beyer's Bouquet of Melodies." vrolienne, from William Tell. C. Amo, L'Amo, from Capuletti. D.

Deh! con te, from Norma. No. 2. No. 4 and No. 5 of André's "Blossoms of Opera." There are 25 numbers, all short pieces, and contain as many airs of favorite Operas, Capital for beginners.

L'Ingénue. Morceau a la Gavotte. G.

A very pecular "broken" movement which will please, both by its oddity and beauty.

Over Field and Meadow. (Ueber Feld und Wiese.) D. 3. Strauss-like. Very brilliant.

Pennington Seminary March. Ab. 3. Post. 35 The title is ornamented with a picture of the institution, which is evidently a very large affair. Fine March.

Blushing Morn. (Illus. Title.) Polka Reverie. E. 3. (Solo.) Meyer Meyer. 60 A beautiful piece with a pretty title. There is also a 4-hand arrangement for 75 cts.

Fruhlingsboten. (Messengers of Spring.)
Waltzes. 3. Schleiffarth. 60 Four wide-awake waltzes, with Introduction and Finale.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Ba, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to R" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

THE FIRST NAMPORGIS-NIGHT.

FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT,

GOETHE,

(THE ENGLISH VERSION BY W. BARTHOLOMEW, ESQ.)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY, WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

OVERTURE.

No. 1.—Druid Solo (TENOR), and CHORUS of Druids and People.

Now May again Breaks Winter's chain,

The bud and bloom are springing; No snow is seen,

The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
You mountain height
Is wint'ry white:

Is wint'ry white;
Upon it we will gather,—
Begin the ancient holy rite,—
Praise our Almighty Father.

In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together!
Away, away!

No. 2.—Solo (Alto).—An Aged Woman of the People.

Know ye not, a deed so daring
Dooms us all to die despairing?
Know ye not, it is forbidden
By the edicts of our foemen?
Know ye, spies and snares are hidden,
For the sinners eall'd "the heathen?"
On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter:

If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

CHORUS of Women.

On their ramparts they will slaughter Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
They oppress us,
They distress us!
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

No. 3.—Druid Priest (BARITONE), and CHORUS of Druids.

The man who flies
Our sacrifice,
Deserves the tyrant's tether.
The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree,
And pile the stems together.
In yonder shades,
Till daylight fades,
We shall not be detected;
Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
And ye will be protected.
With courage conquer slavish fear,—
Show duty's claim respected.

No. 4.—CHORUS of Druid Guards.

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men, Secure the passes round the glen! In silence there protect them, Whose duties here direct them. No. 5 .- Solo (Bass). - Druid Guard.

Should our Christian foes assail us, Aid a scheme that may avail us! Feigning demons, whom they fable, We will scare the bigot rabble.

No. 6 .- CHORUS of Guards and People.

Come with torches brightly flashing,
Rush along with billets clashing.
Through the nightgloom, lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow,
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us, and scare the cravens!

No. 7.—Solo (Baritone).—Druid Priest, and Chorus.

Restrain'd by Might,
We now by night,
In secret, here adore Thee!
Still it is day,
Whene'er we pray,
And humbly bow before Thee!
Thou can'st assuage
Our foeman's rage,
And shield us from their terrors—
The flame aspires!
The smoke retires!
Thus, clear our faith from errors!
Our customs quell'd,
Our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine for ever.

No. 8 .- Solo (TENOR) .- A Christian Guard.

Help, my comrades! see a legion
Yonder comes from Satan's region!
See yon group of witches gliding
To and fro, in flames advancing;
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing!
What a clattering troop of evil!
Let us, let us quickly fly them!
Imp and devil
Lead the revel,
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!

CHORUS of Guards.

See the horrid haggards gliding,
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing,
With the Fiend in flames advancing!
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!
Let us fly them, let us fly!

No. 9.—CHORUS of Druids and People.

Unclouded now, the flame is bright!
Thus faith from error sever!
Though foes may cloud or quell our light,
Yet Thine, Thy light shall shine for ever!

OVERTURE.



This Poem is, in its true sense, intended to be highly symbolic. For, in the history of the world, it must continually repeat itself, that that which is old, and tried, and fundamental, and comforting, shall (although not annihilated) be pushed and moved and present into the smallest possible space by upstarting innovations. The medium-time in which hatred can and may counterset is here pregnantly enough represented, and a joyful indestructible enthusiasm burns up again, glowing and bright. (From a letter of Göshe to the Composer, 9th Sept. 1831.)

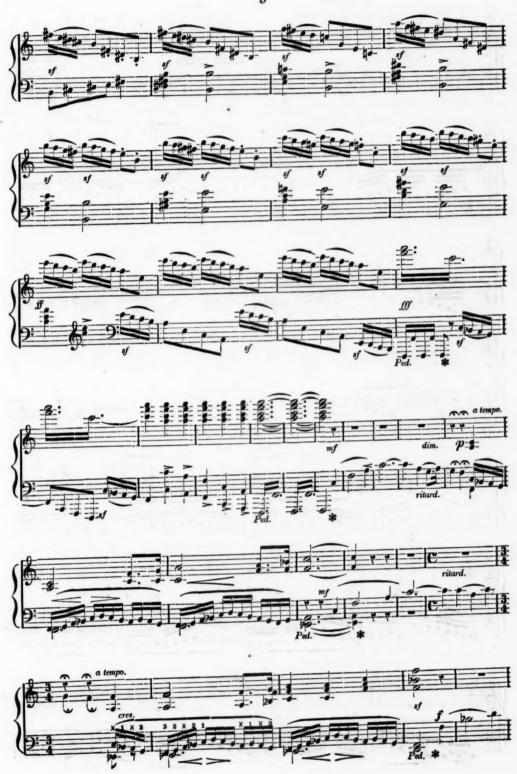






















































No. 2. Solo and Chorus.-KNOW YE NOT A DEED SO DARING?









No. 3. Solo and Chorus.—THE MAN WHO FLIES.









No. 4. CHORUS.—DISPERSE, YE GALLANT MEN.

















No. 5, RECIT. AND CHORUS,-SHOULD OUR CHRISTIAN FOES ASSAIL US.



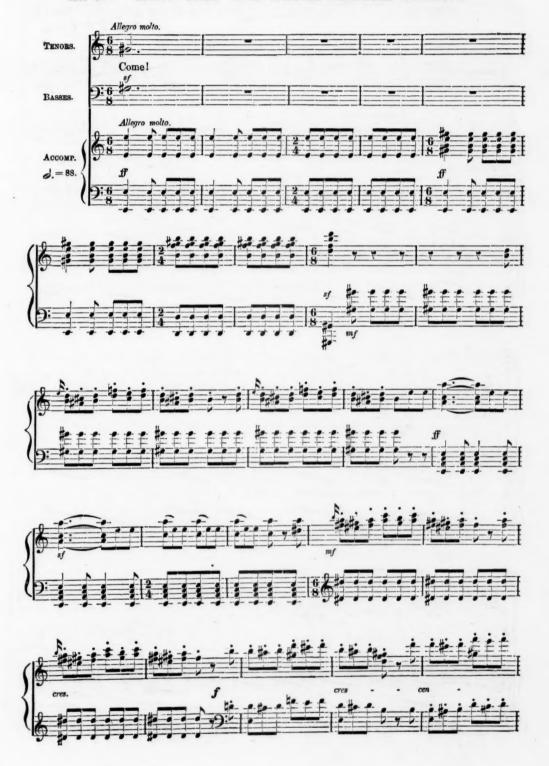








No. 6. CHORUS.—COME WITH TORCHES BRIGHTLY FLASHING.



















































No. 8. Solo AND CHORUS .- HELP, MY COMRADES.











No. 9. CHORUS.—UNCLOUDED NOW, THE FLAME IS BRIGHT.
GENERAL CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND HEATHEN PEOPLE.











A. B. KIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY

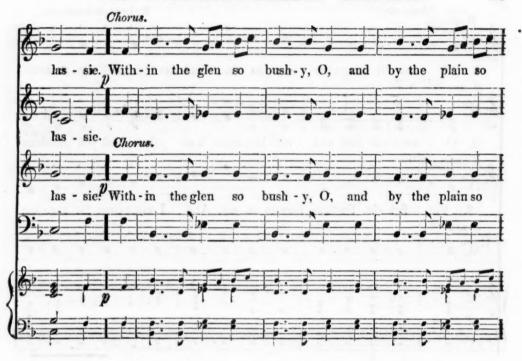
Robert Schumann.

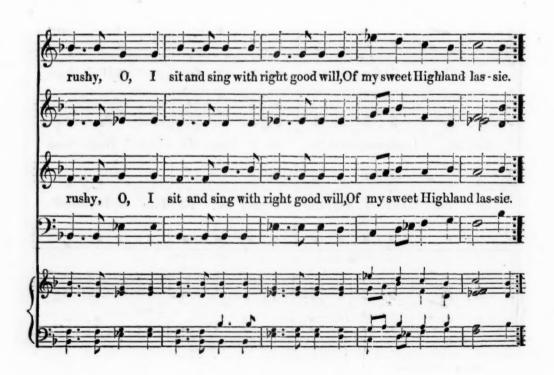










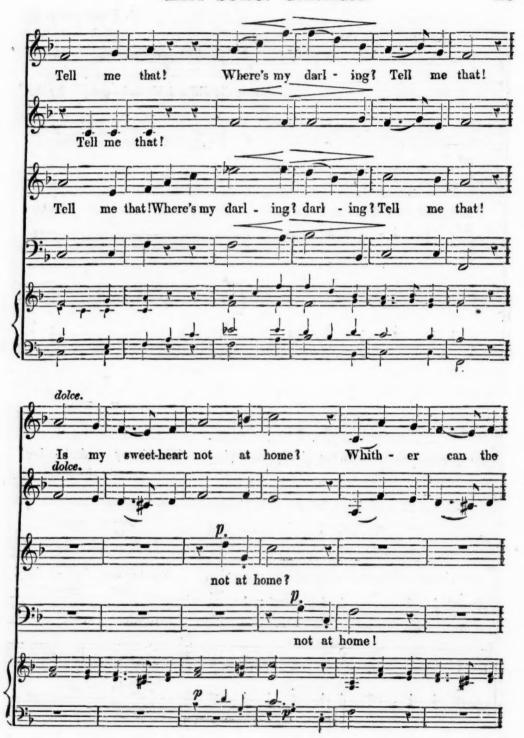






M. Hauptmann,











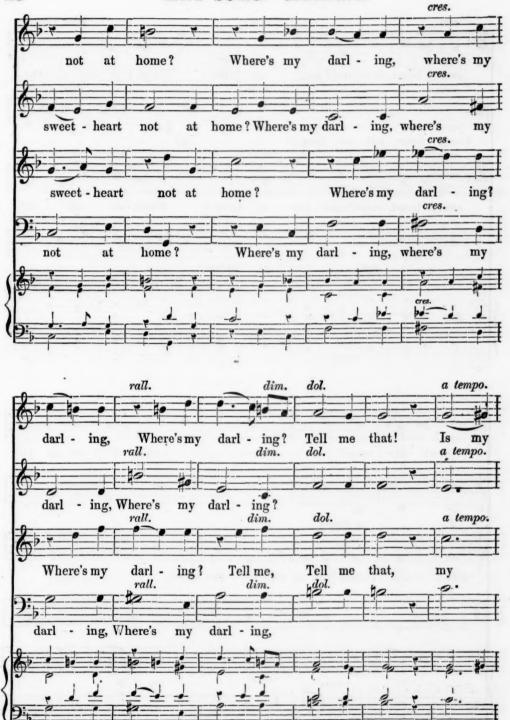


MAY SONG. Continued.

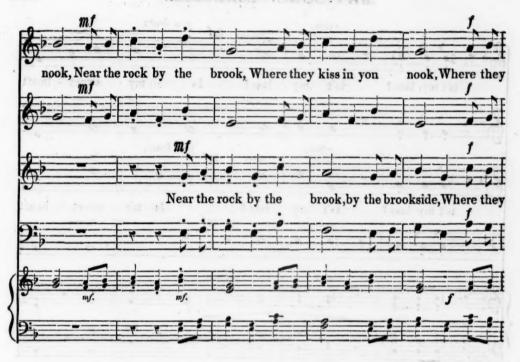


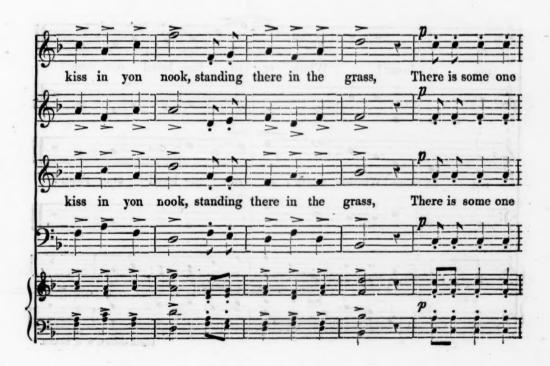




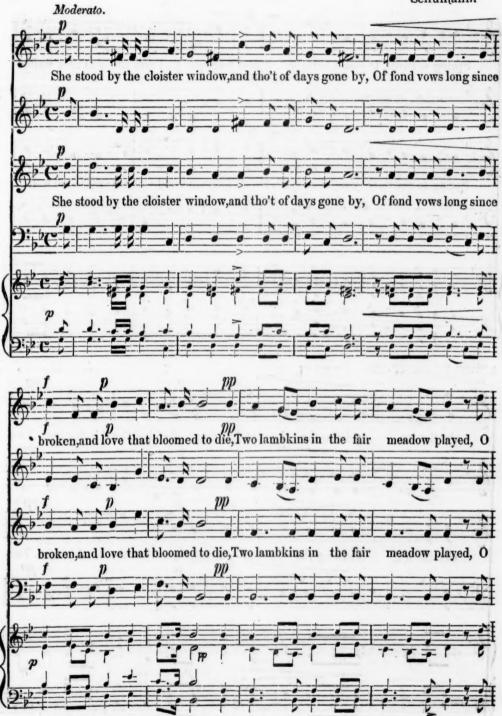


















COMALA,

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

AFTER OSSIAN.

SET TO MUSIC FOR

SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA.

By

NIELS W. GADE.

Op. 12.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

J. C. D. PARKER.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY.

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MICES W CADE

ARGUMENT.

Comala, the daughter of Sarno, King of Innistore, so says tradition, entertained a violent passion for Fingal, King of Morven. Fingal returned her love; and Comala, clad as a warrior, followed him in an expedition against Caracul, King of Lochlin. On the day of battle, on the shores of the Carun, Fingal leaves her on a height whence she can overlook the fight, and promises, if victorious, to return at evening. Comala, full of anxious forebodings, awaits Fingal's return. Amid the howling of the storm, the spirits of the fathers appear to her, as they move toward the battle-field to conduct to their home the souls of the fallen; she imagines the battle lost, and Fingal slain. Overcome with grief, Comala dies.-Fingal returns victorious, with songs of triumph, and learns from her weeping maidens the death of his beloved; lamenting, he bids the Bards praise her in song, and with her attendants to wast her departing soul with hymns to the abodes of the fathers.

INTRODUCTION.

Chorus of Bards and Warriers. On! on! the standard upraise,
Fingal to victory leads,
Follow the brave king of Morven.
Fall upon Caracul's armies
Like spirits of upper air;
Follow the king of the lances,
Challenge the foemen to the fight; Death must ye fear not, fear only flight. Hear the voices of the fathers! Loud peals the horn—on to the fight! Ere morning dawns shall Caracul fall Before the brave king of Morven.

/ Fingal.—Yet to-day will I destroy this proud King's might; this day his blood shall mingle with Carun's limpid waters; the hills the dreadful shout reëcho, when he and all his host in battle perish. As leaf by the wind, before mine arm the foe shall scatter. Comala! ere yet the night is ended, I will return to thee. Farewell, thou beloved! fear thee not, for I am in league with Victory and with Love. Ere yet the morning dawns shall Caracul fall, and I return to thee.

Comala.—Farewell, thou light of my soul! There is no ray my path to illumine: all around me is veiled in night. O Fin-gal, may the fathers protect thee! and fall'st thou, then here upon this mountain I die. Farewell!

Chorus of Warriors.

On! on! the standard upraise, Fingal to victory leads, Follow the brave king of Morven. Challenge the foemen, &c., &c.

Comala.—My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed, and nought but peril remains. O, dreadful is the stillness; nothing I hear, nought but the distant stream that yonder murmurs; nothing I see, save dark and frowning clouds that lower in the heavens. My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed.

Dersagrena, Melicoma and Chorus of Virgins.—Sorrow not, why art thou weeping? Fingal yet lives, the brave. O why dost thou tremble for him, who no fear doth know? O sor-

Comala.-My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed!

Dersagrena.—See! yonder sits Comala, and gazes into the vale where they were marching; sorrow and doubt her eye doth sadden. Come, Melicoma, and strive with your song to doth andden. cheer her spirit.

Melicoma.—So let us then sing her a song of Fingal's exploits, till echo come from the hills of Morven.

BALLAD .- Dersagrena.

From Lochlin came to battle Suaran, the haughty knight, Over the rolling billow, On Morven's plain to fight. For Fingal's life-blood thirsting, He vowed revenge to take, And came for land and sceptre With him the lance to break.

Melicoma and Chorus of Virgins. O hear'st thou, Comala, what Fingal hath done, Whom foe ne'er yet hath vanished?

Dersagrena.

The storm raged over the mountain, The storm raged over the plain; Suaran, in jewelled armor, Sought the brave king of Morven. High on the mountain, all armed, Stood Fingal, a flash in the night; Came king Suaran to meet him. All ready was he to fight.

Chorus .- O hear'st thou, Comala, &c

As sinks the moon in the waters, As sinks the moon in the waters, So sank bereft of life
The king, his blood fast flowing, And bitterly rued the strife.
They fled like deer o'er the meade
Pursued by the huntsman bold;
For there in his jeweled armor
Lay he all dead and cold.

Chorus.-O hear'st thou, Comala, &c.

Comala.-Still, all now is hush'd, no sound is heard, save the roar of the stream; darkness veils the mountain heights. See there, Melicoma, what is't near yonder wood, that so quickly moves? Oh! woe is me! Is it not one of Fingal's

Melicoma.—O banish thine anxious vision. 'Tis a deer thou seest, swift darting through the vale.'

Comala.—See ye the pale moving shadows giant-like? See how they're hovering o'er us. The lightning did reveal their awful forms approaching.

Dersagrena.—O Comala, what thou seest are no spirit forms, but rocky cliffs illumined by the lightning's flash.

Comala.—Where art thou, Fingal? All around me night draweth on. Hear ye not wild distant tumult, the cry of woe, the clash of armor? They fly now, they come in their hurried flight.

Desagrena and Melicona.—It is the storm amid the tree tops howling, and from the distant hills the echoes answer.

Comala.—Say why, O stream, is thy wave crimson'd in blood? Lone are thy shores now and forsaken; slumbers Fingal the brave? O daughter of night, look down from thy throne in the sky, that I may see by thy bright ray the glitter of his corslet. Or else, shalt thou, O death, be welcome. Thou light of the fathers, come and show me the heave in death propering. hero in death reposing.

Chorus of Virgins.—Madly rages the storm—come, let us fly, ere death o'ertake us in the lightning's flash. See how the pale shadows of the slain are gliding by; wee to us, when conquering foe shall approach

Chorus of Spirits.

We wander in the storm o'er plain,
'Thro' cloud and mist our pathway leads us:
We guide them to the fathers' home,
The heroes in the battle fallen.
Where the battle joined In valley, on height, There rest we and call them, There summon and welcome Each one that falls.

Comala.

Ye spirits of the fathers, Ye spirits of the lathers,
Tell me each one that falls,
But Fingal not!—
What whisper they? what say they?
Oh woe! he hath fallen, he is no more, O why, ye spirits, appear ye to me?

Chorus of Spirits. The battle's rage is past and o'er, In combat fell the warrior prince, And now his shade is homeward fleeing.

Comala.

O would I were sitting by Carun's waters!
O that I my tears with its wave might mingle!
Full of sorrow, in youth now I follow
Thee to the grave where thou sleepest.
Shade of Fingal, that dwell'st in the clouds,
Hover o'er me! O come!
Comals follows thee! Comala follows thee!

Chorus of Warriors. Escaped is the foe's wild tumult, His steed treads no more on the mountain; Before Fingal's arm they have fled.

As thunder doth roll in the heavens As o'er the plain howls the tempest, So raged in his fury Morven! From the hills comes the glad shout of victory! And armor 'gainst armor is clashing, All stained in Caracul's blood.

Chorus of Virgins.

O cease your song of triumph now, Ye knights of Fingal, still, O still ! The foe hath fled before your arm,— But mourn for us and you!

Fingal.

Why doth your song thus lament? The foe hath fled before mine arm! The battle sing by Carun's flood, Till echo reach you mountain height When Carola waite for any Where Comala waits for me.

Chorus. O cease thy song of triumph now, For ne'er shalt thou see Comala! In grief for thee her spirit fled, O mourn for us and you!

O Comala! O Comain!
The foe hath fled before mine arm,
The storm is o'er, the sun breaks forth;
But thou, light of my soul,
O Comala, art lying dead and cold In the grave.
Let me see now my beloved,
Show me where the fair one sleeps;
Pale and lifeless is she now
Whom I so dearly loved.

Chorus. - O mourn !

Fingal.

O would thou mightst live as once thou didst live! Would I might hear the gentle tones Of thy voice, O Comala!

Chorus .- O mourn! mourn Comala!

Fingal.

O'er the mountain must I wander, Forsaken day and night!
No more thro' the forest shalt thou walk,
No more by the mountain stream.

Charus .- O mourn !

Fingal .- O would thou mightst live, &c.

Chorus .- O mourn, mourn Comala!

Fingal.

Strike now your harp strings, and raise your song. Sing, ye maids of Morven, sing, ye bards, Comala's praise; waft her with song, Above to the fathers' dwelling.

Chorus of Bards and Virgins.

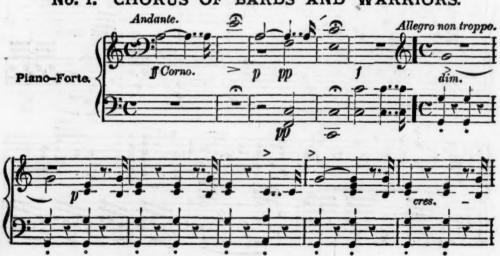
From their cloud-home above,
Spirits ancestral are watching,
And lightnings around her are flashing.
When resounds o'er the meadow her call?
When comes she for the chase from the mountain?
Moonbeams are bearing aloft
The soul of the maiden.
Send us thine image in visions bright,
And lighten our sorrow: And lighten our sorrow; Comfort our sorrowing hearts. Borne on the moonbeams now arises The soul of the maiden departing; The shades of the 5 hers are calling.

INTRODUCTION.





No. 1. CHORUS OF BARDS AND WARRIORS.























































































































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A. B. KIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

